



No. 120

Ten Cents

MAY
1948



ACTION COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE WHAT
HAPPENS
WHEN

SUPERMAN
BECOMES
**SUPER
STUNTMAN!**



"Some tooting...
some strutting...some snapshots!"

It's fun to take snapshots that rate raves
with your friends! Hard to do? Not at all, with Kodak Verichrome Film.

You press the button—it does the rest. That's why it's America's
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familiar yellow box



Kodak

Competition for the '48
National High School
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the details from your
school camera club, or
your Kodak dealer.

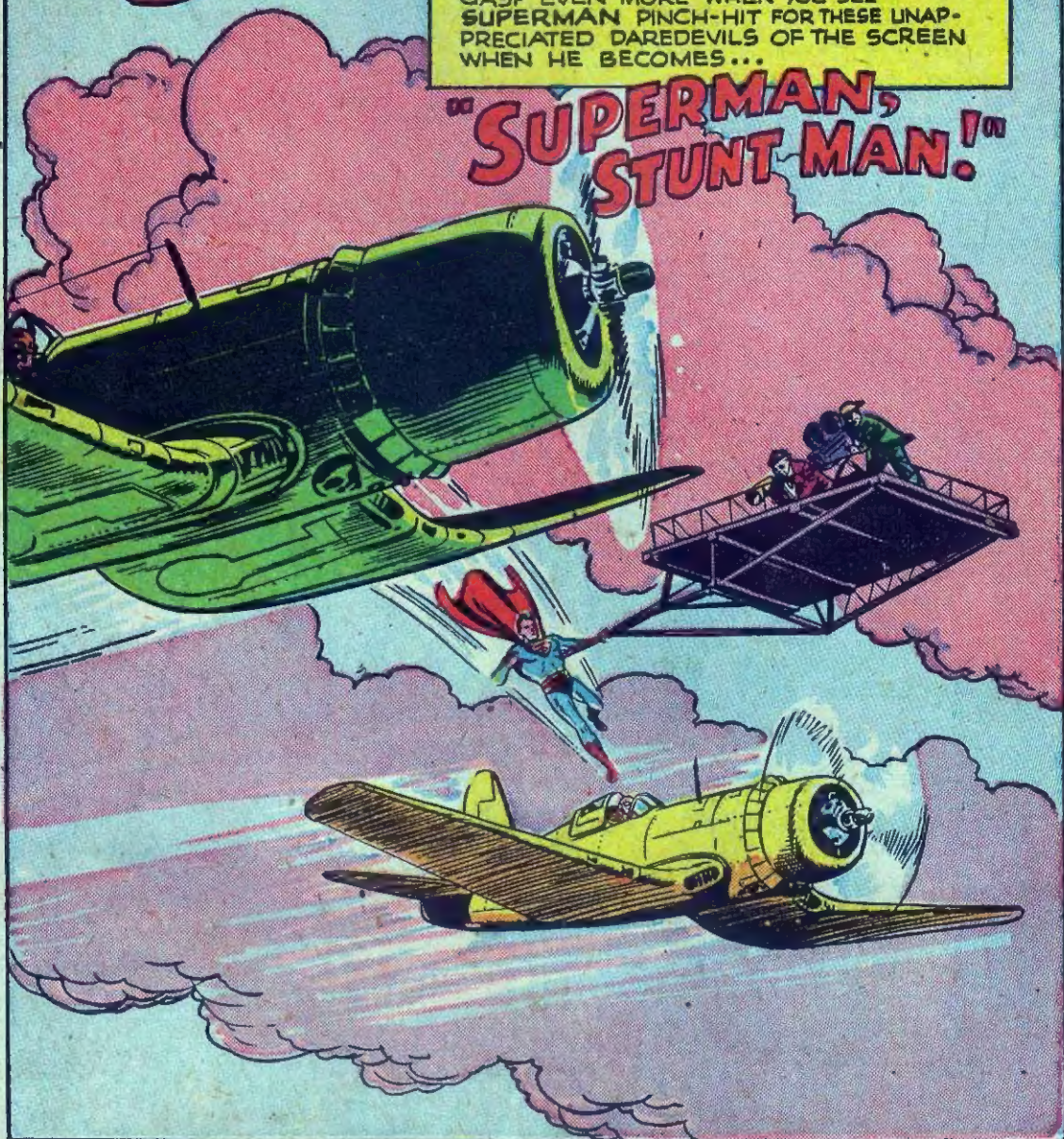
"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DARING AND DANGEROUS IS THE WORK OF THE HOLLYWOOD STUNT MEN, FOR THESE ANONYMOUS HEROES RISK LIFE AND LIMB TO CREATE THE THRILLING SCENES THAT MAKE FILM AUDIENCES GASP. BUT-YOU'LL GASP EVEN MORE WHEN YOU SEE SUPERMAN PINCH-HIT FOR THESE UNAPRECIATED DAREDEVILS OF THE SCREEN WHEN HE BECOMES...

"SUPERMAN, STUNT-MAN!"



ACTION COMICS, No. 120, May, 1948. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 E. 42nd

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Printed in U.S.A.

LET'S VISIT MAJESTIC PICTURES' LARGEST SET AND MEET THAT DYNAMIC DIRECTOR-PRODUCER, MIKE FOSS!

I SAY-AND I SAY IT AGAIN-THIS NEW FILM, "THE DAREDEVIL'S DOUBLE" MUST BE... HM...

WHAT'S A WORD THAT'S TWICE AS COLOSSAL AS COLOSSAL?

HOW ABOUT SUPER-COLOSSAL, MR. FOSS?

STUPENDOUSLY COLOSSAL?

NO-NO! THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH. I'LL MAKE UP MY OWN WORD. **STUPENDIFEROUS!** YES-THIS FILM MUST BE **STUPENDIFEROUS!** HOW'S THAT?

WONDERFUL, MR. FOSS!

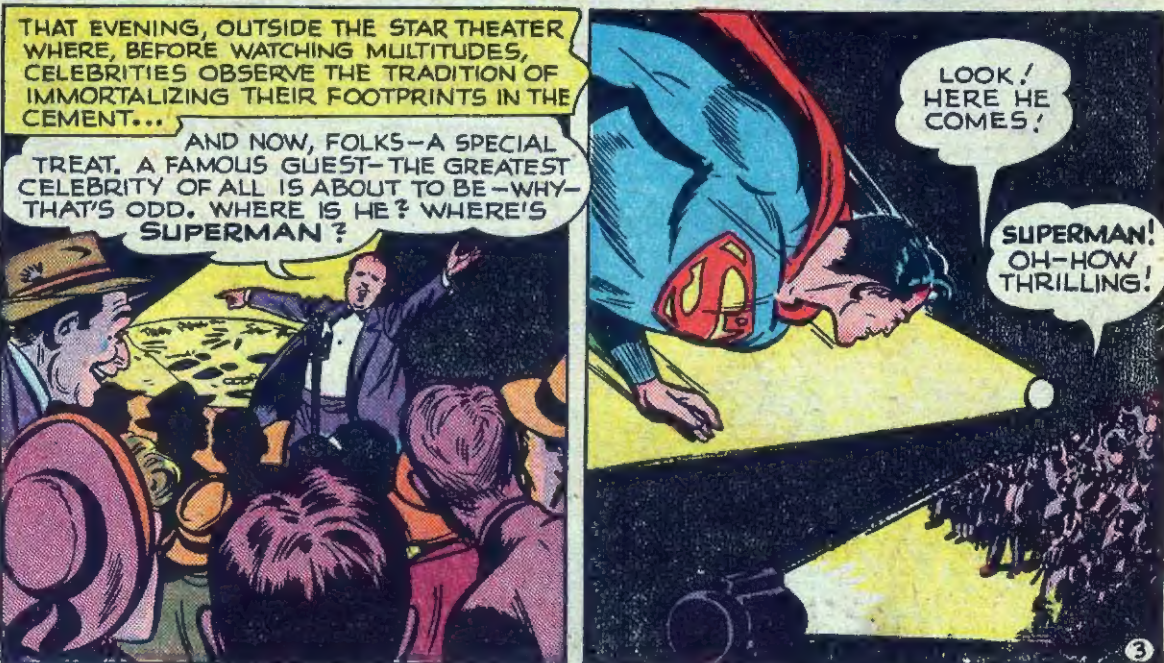
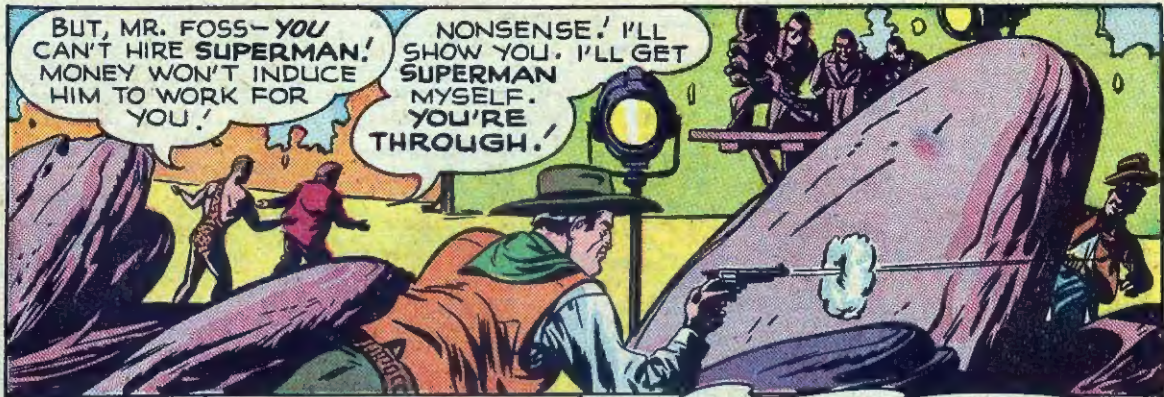
NOW I BEEN READING THE SCRIPT. THE DAREDEVIL STUNTS AIN'T STUPENDIFEROUS. BOY-IF IT WERE ONLY POSSIBLE FOR SOME ONE TO SWIM UP NIAGARA FALLS! OH, WELL-NO USE DREAMING.

I'LL SAY.

I'M THE BEST STUNT MAN IN THE COUNTRY-BUT-NIAGARA FALLS! WHY-ONLY **SUPERMAN** COULD SWIM UP THOSE RAPIDS!

SUPERMAN?

WELL-SIGN UP **SUPERMAN!**



PRESENTLY...

SUPERMAN—I'VE HAD MANY A CELEBRITY LEAVE HIS PRINTS OUTSIDE MY THEATER, BUT—YOUR PRINTS ARE MY MOST THRILLING EXHIBIT!

WHY, THANK YOU, MR. HADLEY...

AT THAT MOMENT, THE ENTHUSIASTIC AUTOGRAPH-SEEKING CROWD BURSTS THROUGH THE GUIDE ROPES...

SUPERMAN—HOW'S ABOUT AN AUTOGRAPH?

ME TOO!

AND THE MAN OF STEEL, COVERING THE CROWD AT SUPER-SPEED GRACIOUSLY OBLIGES...

JUST HOLD YOUR PADS UP. I'LL GET TO YOU.

GEE! HE SIGNED IT ALREADY!

HERE'S MINE! WHY—IT'S SIGNED!

MOMENTS LATER, HAVING FINISHED WITH THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS...

LOOK, **SUPERMAN**. THIS IS A COPY OF A CONTRACT YOU SIGNED WITH ME!

HUH? MIKE FOSS—THE PRODUCER-DIRECTOR!

WHAT? BUT I DIDN'T—

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SIGNING AN AUTOGRAPH! HA-HA! BUT YOU SIGNED A CONTRACT INSTEAD. I'LL EXPECT YOU TO REPORT IN THE MORNING!

WHY—THE OLD FOX!

REMEMBER, **SUPERMAN**—I MEAN TO HOLD YOU TO IT!

HE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT. YOU CAN FIGHT HIM IN COURT, **SUPERMAN**!

SURE—AND WASTE DAYS OF MY TIME.

LET'S SEE—THE CONTRACT CALLS FOR MY DOING THREE DAREDEVIL STUNTS. I HATE TRICKERY LIKE THAT. I THINK I'LL TAKE THAT JOB JUST TO TEACH FOSS A LESSON.



NEXT DAY, AT A FLYING FIELD OWNED BY MAJESTIC PICTURES...

SUPERMAN—I HAD THE SCRIPT REWRITTEN SO YOU CAN APPEAR AS YOURSELF. NOW, IN THIS FIRST STUPENDIFEROUS STUNT, YOU MUST JUMP FROM ONE SPEEDING PLANE TO ANOTHER.

LET'S GET STARTED!



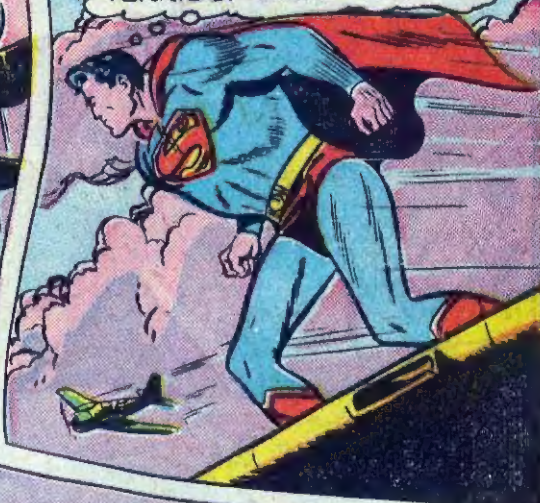
PRESENTLY, AS THE PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR...

HE'S GETTING SET TO JUMP.

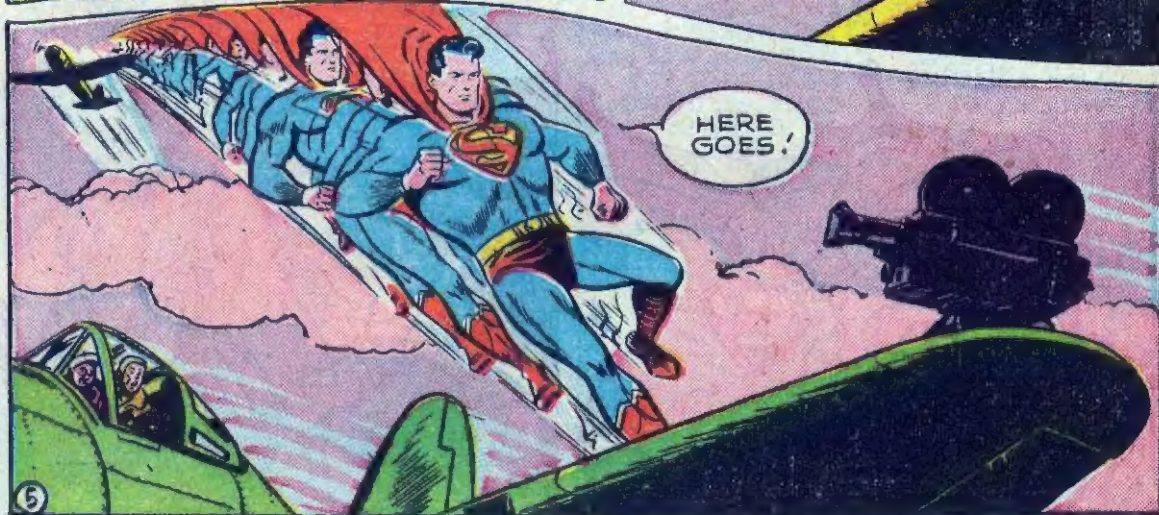
GOOD. I'LL SWITCH ON THE AUTO-CAMERA IN THE WING.



I'LL PUT ON A GOOD SHOW TO FULFILL MY PART OF THE CONTRACT. BUT JUST THE SAME, FOSS IS GOING TO BE TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED.



HERE GOES!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER—BACK AT THE FLYING FIELD...

IT OUGHTTA BE STUPENDIFEROUS. I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE RUSHES.

HE WON'T BE SO ENTHUSIASTIC AFTER HE SEES THEM.



SUPERMAN! HOW CAN YOU DO IT? HOW CAN YOU TAKE AWAY MY STUNTING JOB?

HUH?

OUR FORMER STUNT MAN GET OUT! I TOLD YOU—YOU'RE THROUGH!



LISTEN—JUST BETWEEN US—MY STUNTS'LL NEVER APPEAR ON THE SCREEN. YOU'LL GET YOUR JOB BACK. I PROMISE.

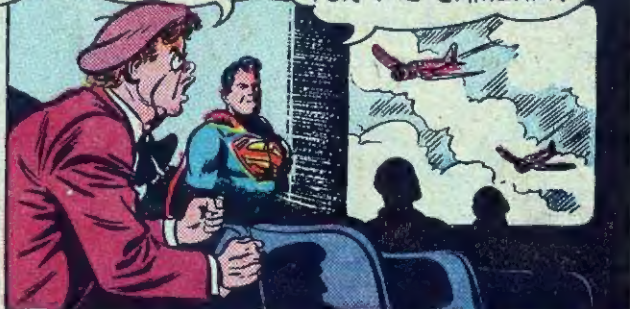
COME, SUPERMAN. IN PICTURES YOU DON'T WASTE TIME ON HAS-BEENS.



LATER—IN THE PROJECTION ROOM...

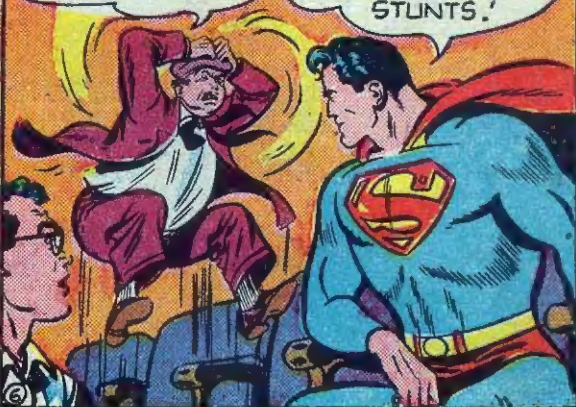
WHY—WHY—WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE'S SUPERMAN?

HM—COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT, IN MY ENTHUSIASM, I JUMPED TOO FAST FOR THE CAMERA?



WHAT?! NOW I'LL HAVE TO RE-SHOOT THE STUNT. DO YOU KNOW WHAT A RETAKE WILL COST?

CERTAINLY! MY CONTRACT CALLS FOR THREE STUNTS. AND A RETAKE WILL MEAN THAT I'VE COMPLETED TWO STUNTS.



SO, THAT'S IT. VERY WELL. TOMORROW WE FLY OUT ON LOCATION. YOU'RE TO SWIM UP NIAGARA FALLS. THAT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN A RETAKE.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, MR. FOSS.



LATE THE FOLLOWING DAY,
AFTER A TRIP BY PLANE...

NIAGARA FALLS!
COLOSSAL! ALMOST
STUPENDIFEROUS!
ARE YOU FELLOWS
READY?

ALL
SET,
MR.
FOSS.

NOW—YOU—SUPERMAN!
REMEMBER—THE CONTRACT
SAYS YOU MUST OBEY
DIRECTIONS. YOU'RE TO
TAKE AT LEAST TEN MIN-
UTES SWIMMING UP THOSE
FALLS. YOU WON'T BEAT THE
CAMERAS
THIS
TIME!

YES, MR.
FOSS.

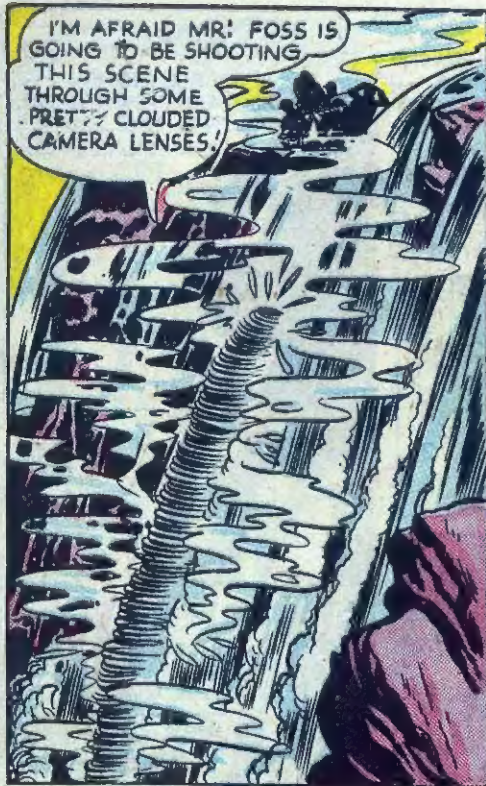
ALL RIGHT—
GET DOWN THERE.
THE TELESCOPIC
CAMERAS ARE
SET.

AND
SO AM
I!

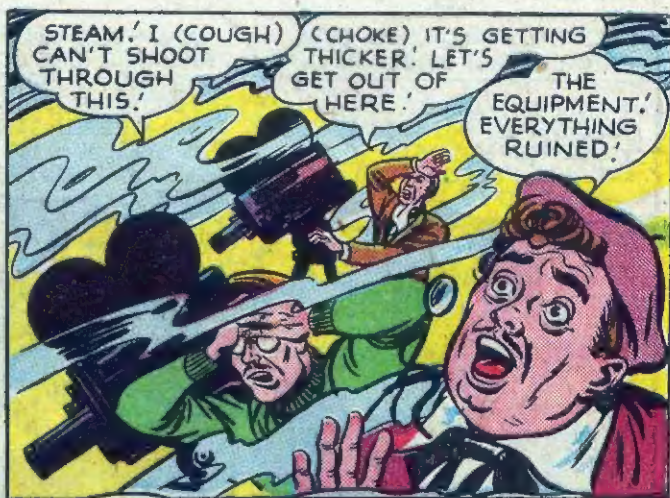
THERE'S THE SIGNAL TO
START SWIMMING UP. I'VE
GOT TO TAKE TEN MINUTES.
BUT HE DIDN'T TELL
ME WHAT
STROKE
TO USE,
SO—

—I'LL USE MY
"SPINNING STROKE,"
AND THEN WE'LL
SEE.

AND WHAT WILL
THE "SPINNING
STROKE" ACCOM-
PLISH? WELL, AS
THE MAN OF
STEEL WHIRLS
ABOUT AT SUPER-
SPEED, HE GENER-
ATES SUCH FEAR-
FUL HEAT THAT
THE CASCADING
WATER NEAR HIM
VAPORIZES INTO
CLOUDS OF
STEAM...



I'M AFRAID MR. FOSS IS GOING TO BE SHOOTING THIS SCENE THROUGH SOME PRETTY CLOUDED CAMERA LENSES!



STEAM! I (COUGH) CAN'T SHOOT THROUGH THIS!

(CHOKE) IT'S GETTING THICKER! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE EQUIPMENT! EVERYTHING RUINED!



(COUGH) WHICH WAY IS OUT?

HE'S CRAZY! I'M CRAZY FOR HIRING HIM! MY TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR SUIT IS SOAKED.



SUDDENLY...

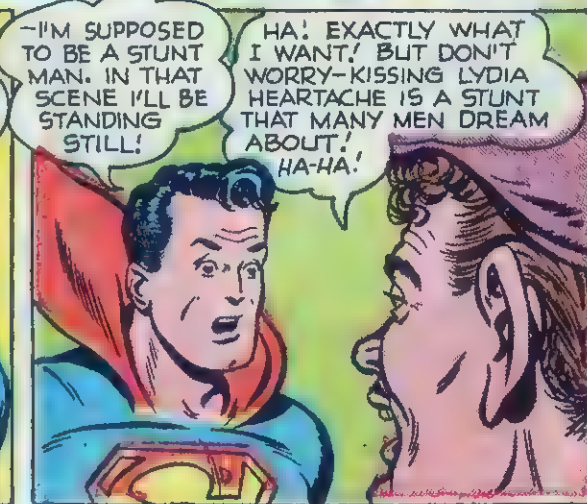
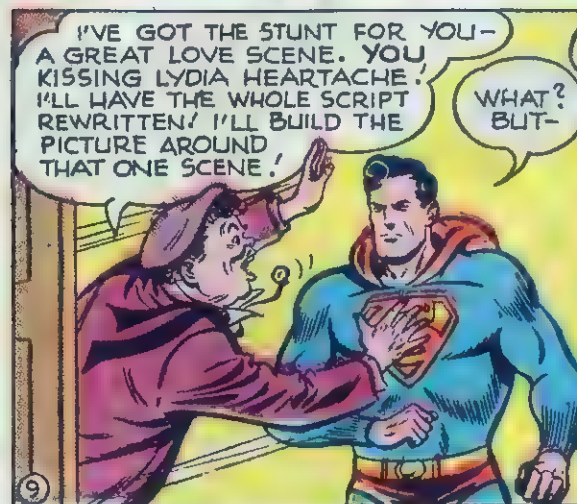
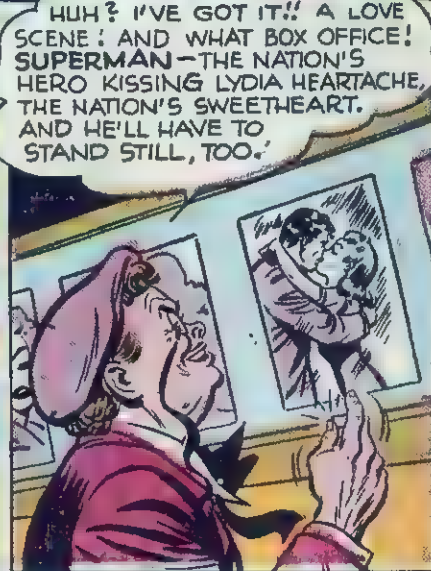
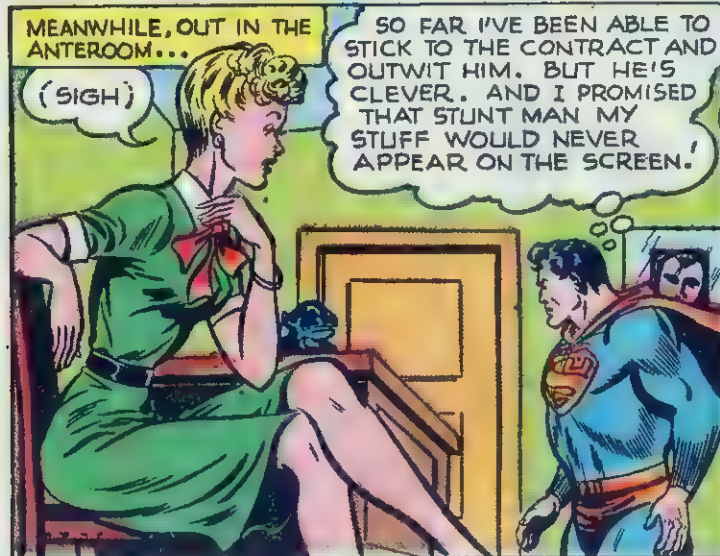
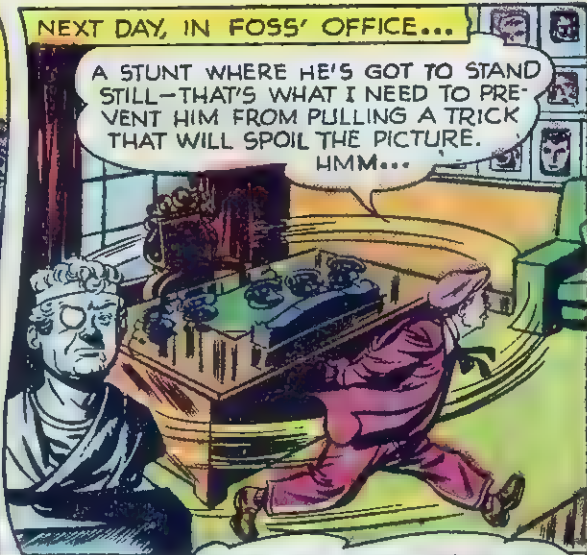
LOOK! IT'S LIFTING!

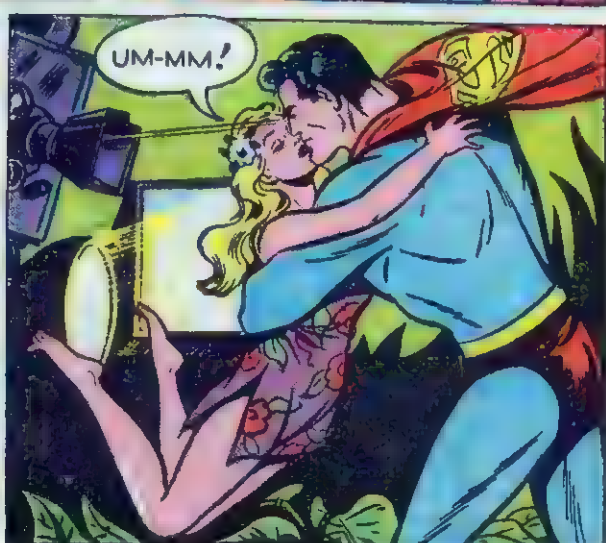
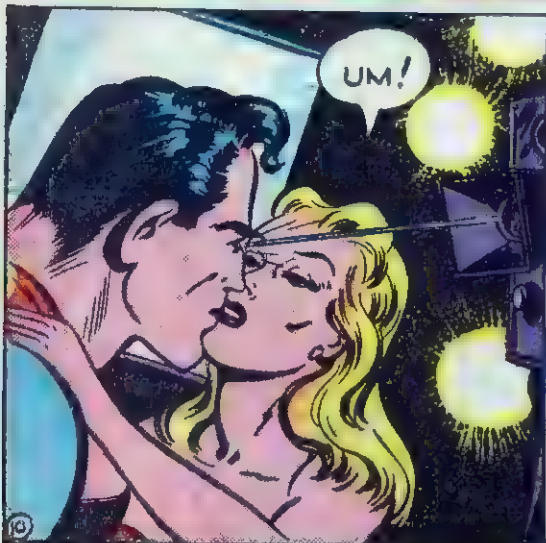
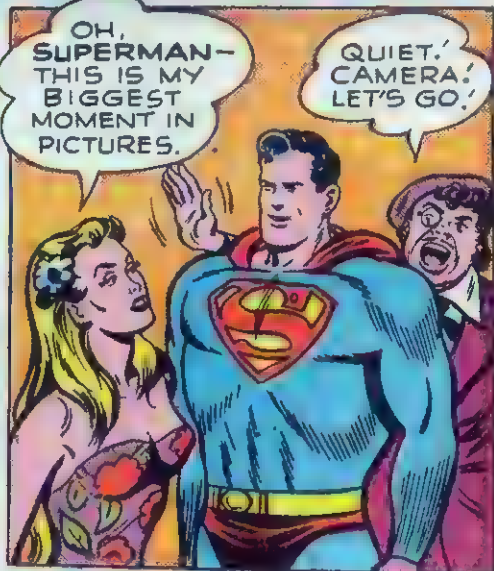
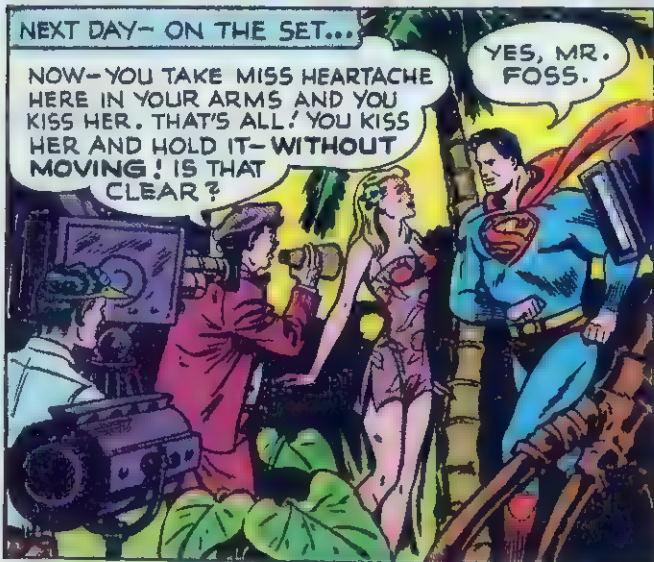
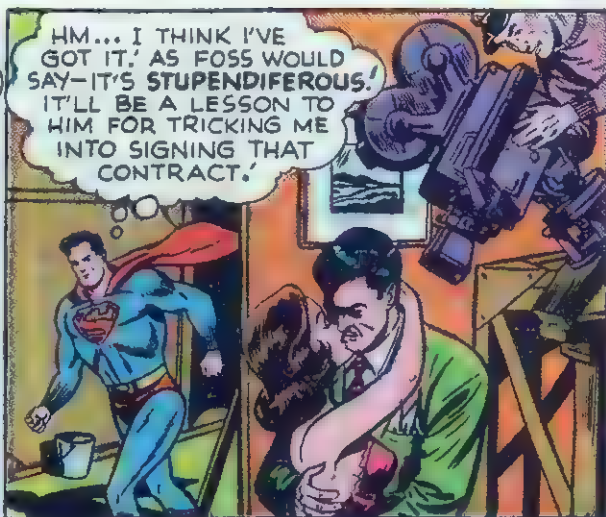
YEAH-NO WONDER! SUPERMAN'S BLOWING THE STEAM AWAY!

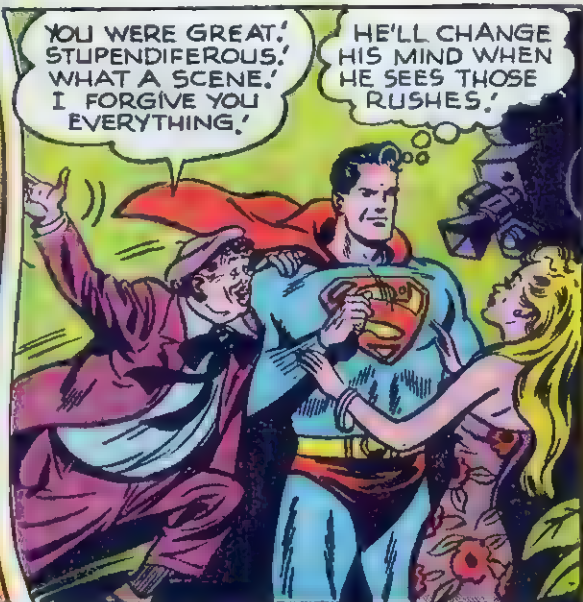


NUMBSKULL! DID YOU HAVE TO GIVE EVERYBODY A TURKISH BATH? WHY-

YOU WANTED ME TO GO SLOW, SO I USED A SPECIAL "SPINNING" STROKE TO SLOW ME DOWN. I SIMPLY OBEYED DIRECTIONS.

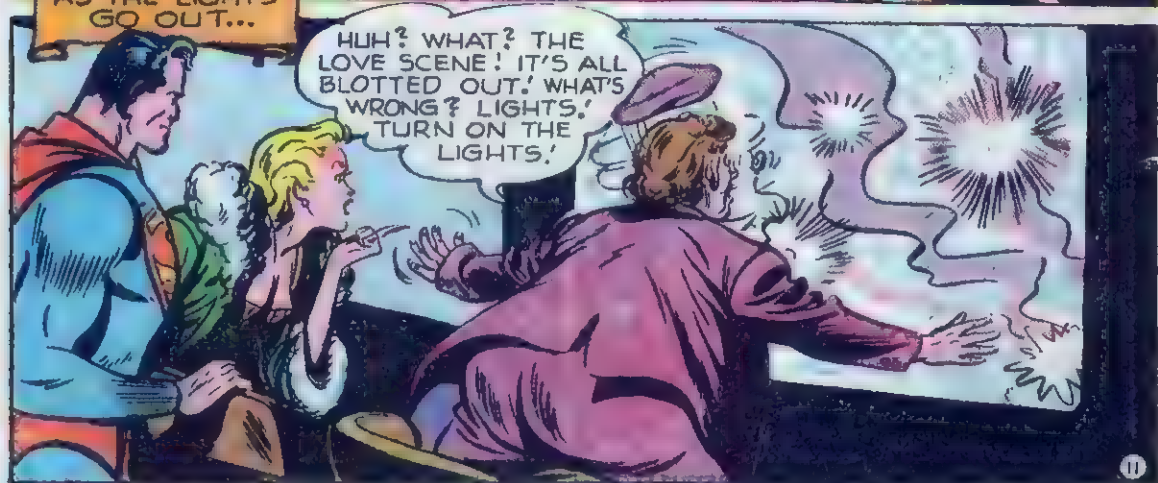
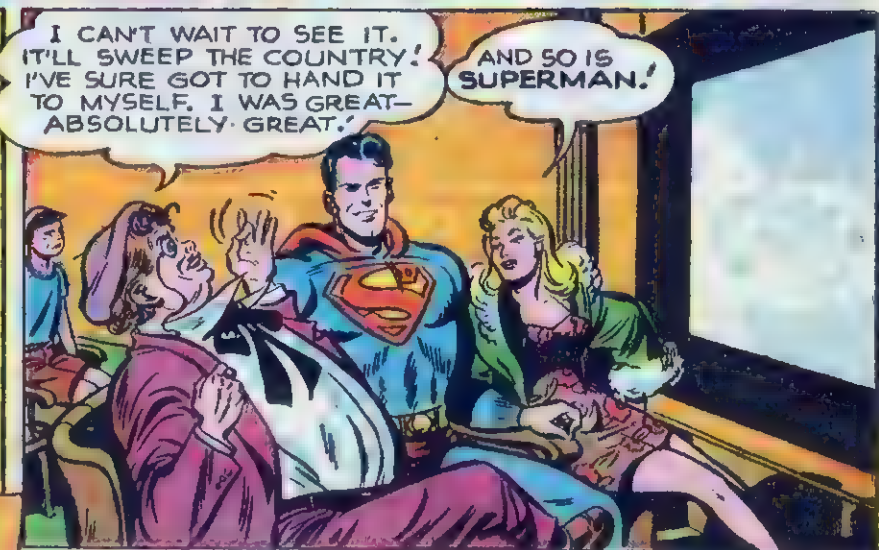


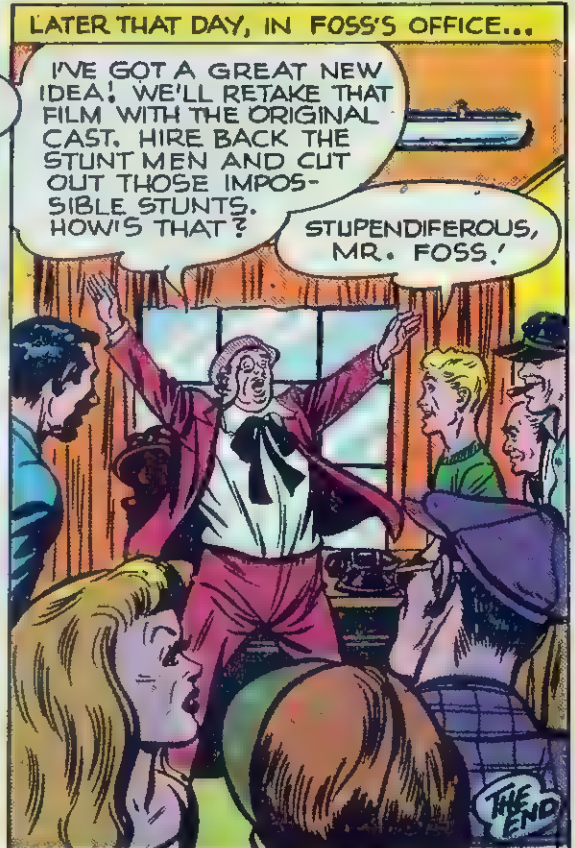




AND WHAT WILL
MAKE FOSS
CHANGE HIS
MIND? WHAT
HAS
SUPERMAN
DONE? CAN
YOU GUESS?
LET'S ADVANCE
OUR STORY A
FEW HOURS AND
LOOK INTO THE
PROJECTION
ROOM WHERE
THE RUSHES
ARE ABOUT TO
BE SHOWN.

BUT PRESENTLY,
AS THE LIGHTS
GO OUT...





TELLS TIME
BY THE SUN

PLASTIC DIAL
GLOWS AT NIGHT

MAGNETIC
COMPASS

CASE AND STEM
GOLDEN COLOR

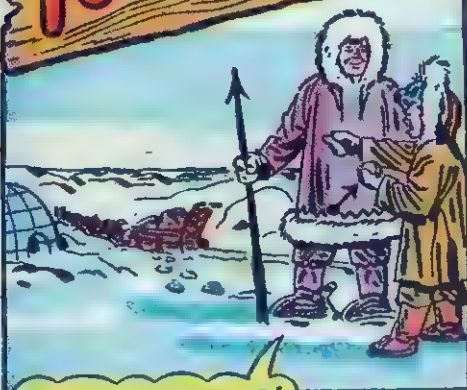
METAL MIRROR
FOR SIGNALING

ACTUAL SIZE
ILLUSTRATED



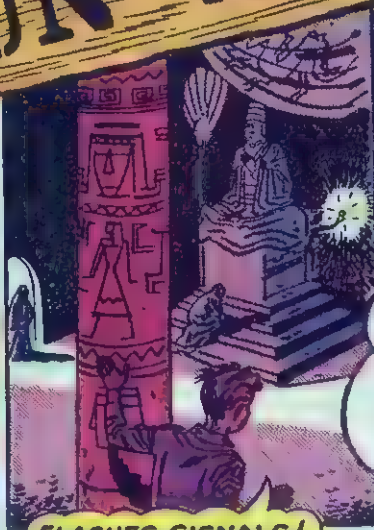
EXCITING! DIFFERENT! YOURS! EXPLORER'S SUN WATCH!

ONLY
15¢
WITH
WHEATIES
BOXTOP



TELLS DIRECTIONS!

Compass set into dial locates North, South, East, West. Fun to use when playing big-game hunter, or cowboy and Indian. Send for your Explorer's Sun Watch today!

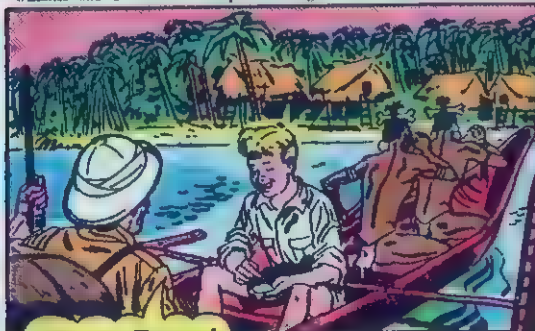


FLASHES SIGNALS!

Send secret message in pitch dark by means of its luminous face. Or flash sun signals with bright mirror back.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to own this amazing Explorer's Sun Watch. Tells time! Tells direction! Good for signaling, night or day! Yours for only 15c plus Wheaties boxtop. Order from Wheaties, Box 1024N, Minneapolis, Minn. Offered so you'll try Wheaties with milk and fruit. Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

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TELLS TIME!

Scientifically designed instrument. Tells time from position of sun. Comes complete with instructions and interesting information. Many exciting uses. Be sure to get yours!

ORDER YOURS TODAY!

WHEATIES, BOX 1024N, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please rush me my EXPLORER'S SUN WATCH. I enclose 15c in coin and ONE Wheaties boxtop.

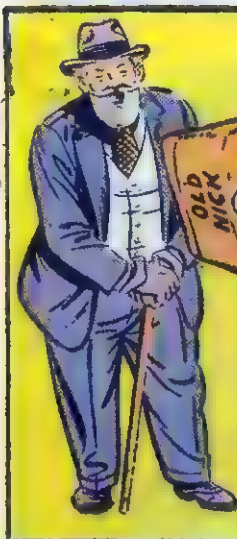
Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Orders must be postmarked by Sept. 1, 1948 State _____

(PLEASE PRINT)



OLD NICK
Schulze
Richest Milk Chocolate

**IN THE
NICK OF
TIME**

O-O-O-PS!
WHY DON'T
YOU...

PARDON
ME. GUESS I'M
A LITTLE SLOW
ON THE SIDE
STEPPING

BUT SUDDENLY...

THERE'S THE
MAN. HE STOLE
MY PURSE IN
THE ELEVATOR
CROWD

!

?

MADAM, YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE! I'VE JUST COME FROM
MAKING A DEAL WITH THE DAILY
ZENITH—FOR RICE PAPER FROM MY
RICE FIELD HOLDINGS, IN FACT....

I...I'M SORRY.
I SUPPOSE I'M A...
A BIT UPSET!

WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING HE
SAID....
I GOT IT!!

SORRY,
MISTER, BUT
THE JIG'S UP!

U-F-F-F!

SO, WHEN I HEARD
WHAT HE SAID TO YOU, I
KNEW HE WAS LYING
AND THAT HE WAS MOST
LIKELY THE THIEF

YOU SURE
USED THAT
HEAD OF YOURS,
OLD NICK

HOW CAN
I EVER
THANK YOU

DID YOU GUESS OLD NICK'S CLUE?

THERE IS NO RICE IN RICE PAPER AND
NEWSPRINT IS MADE FROM WOOD PULP

OLD NICK? OH BOY,
OLD NICK IS A
WONDERFUL
CANDY BAR!

CREAMY FUDGE-
SMOOTH CARAMEL,
LUSCIOUS MILK
CHOCOLATE.

BEST BY FAR—SO TRY
OLD NICK CANDY BAR.

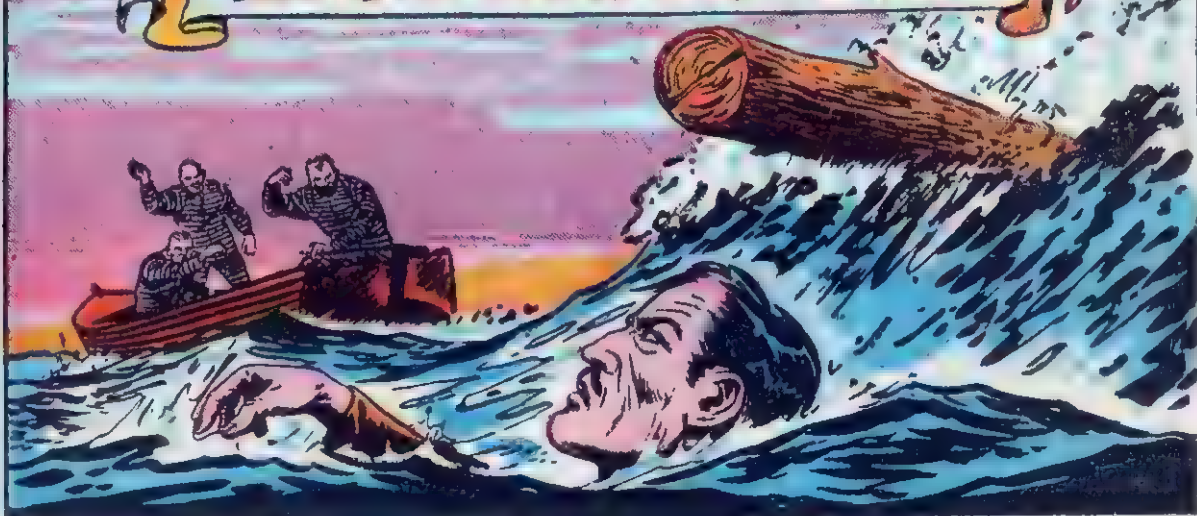
TRY BIT-O-HONEY—IT'S A
HONEY, HONEY, HONEY OF A CANDY BAR
—MILD HONEY-FLAVORED, CHEWY CANDY
FILLED WITH CRUNCHY,
TOASTED ALMONDS

6 SEPARATELY
WRAPPED PACKAGES

CONGO BILL

NORTH • SOUTH • EAST OR WEST...
WHEREVER CONGO BILL'S GLOBE-GIRDLING TRAIL
LEADS, THRILLING ADVENTURE STUDS HIS PATH,
AND SOMETIMES PERIL THAT CALLS FOR ALL HIS RE-
SOURCEFUL STRATEGY GLEANED FROM THE FOUR
CORNERS OF THE EARTH. HERE, IN THE YUKON,
HE CROSSES A RAMPAGING RIVER—AND PLUNGES
CHIN-DEEP INTO...

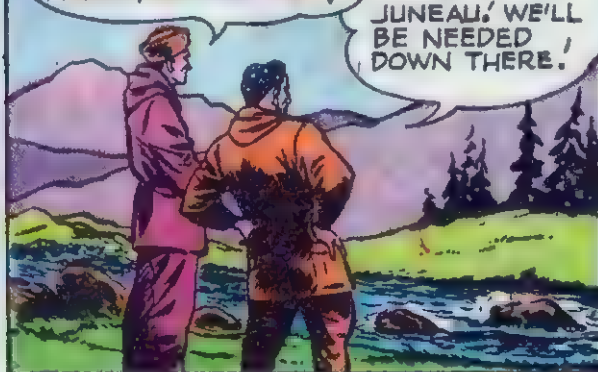
"HIGH-WATER PERIL!"



SPRING IN THE YUKON...AND CONGO BILL
PROSPECTS FOR URANIUM IN THE TURBU-
LENT YAKU RIVER...

LOOKS LIKE A RECORD
FLOOD, CONGO BILL!

THAT MEANS
TROUBLE WHEN
IT REACHES
JUNEAU! WE'LL
BE NEEDED!
DOWN THERE.



LATER, DOWN THE RIVER...

THATAWAY, MAN!
WE'RE HOLDING
IT BACK!

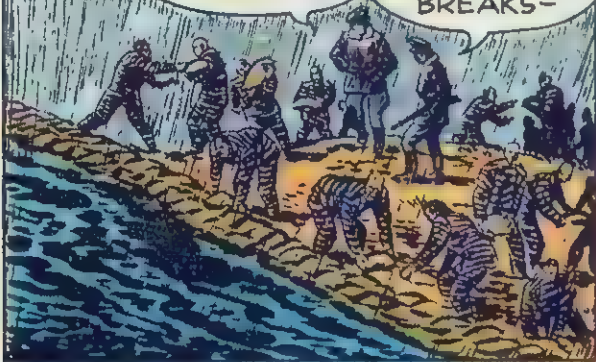
CONGO BILL IS
A ONE-MAN
WORK CREW!



EVEN CONVICTS FROM A NEARBY PRISON HELP FIGHT THE FLOOD...

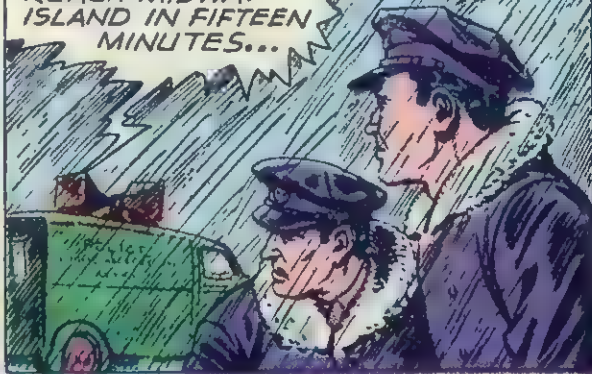
THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD IT, JIM?

DEPENDS ON CARLOO DAM... IF THAT BREAKS-



CARLOO DAM HAS JUST BROKEN! A TEN-FOOT CREST OF WATER IS RUSHING DOWN-STREAM! IT SHOULD REACH MIDWAY ISLAND IN FIFTEEN MINUTES...

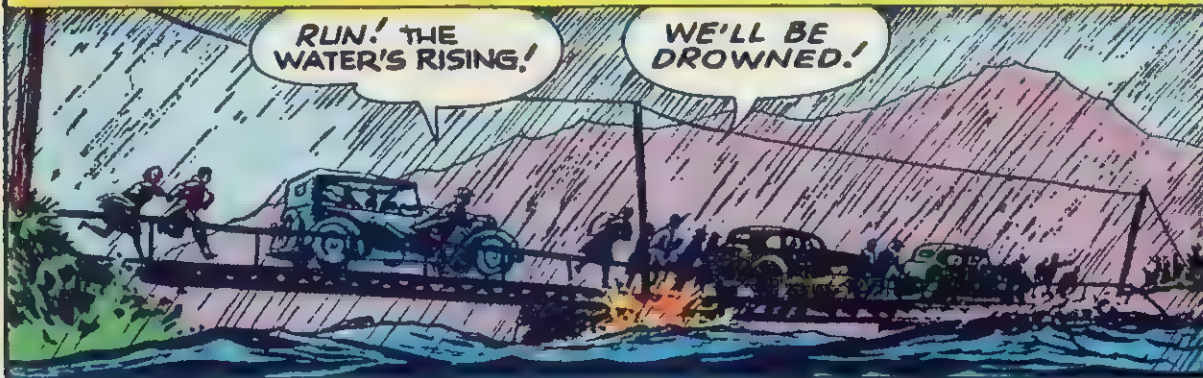
THE ISLAND MUST BE EVACUATED AT ONCE!



THE EXODUS BEGINS FROM MIDWAY ISLAND, IN THE CENTER OF YAKU RIVER...

RUN! THE WATER'S RISING!

WE'LL BE DROWNED!



OH, JACK, WE WAITED TOO LONG!

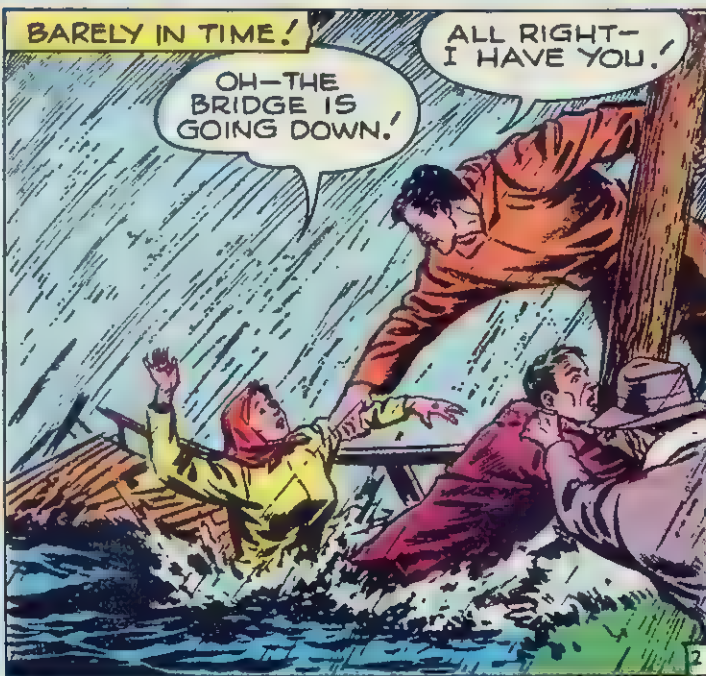
HURRY, ANN-HURRY!

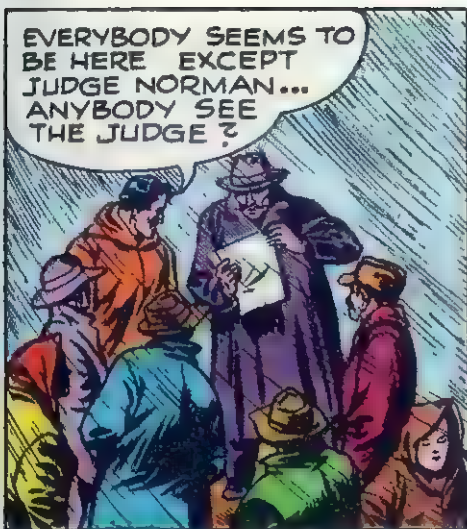


BARELY IN TIME!

ALL RIGHT-I HAVE YOU!

OH-THE BRIDGE IS GOING DOWN!





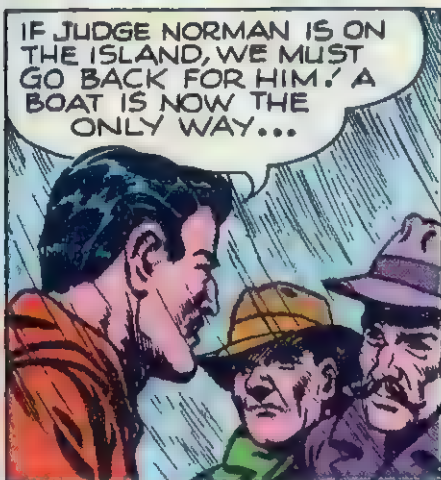
EVERYBODY SEEMS TO BE HERE EXCEPT JUDGE NORMAN... ANYBODY SEE THE JUDGE?



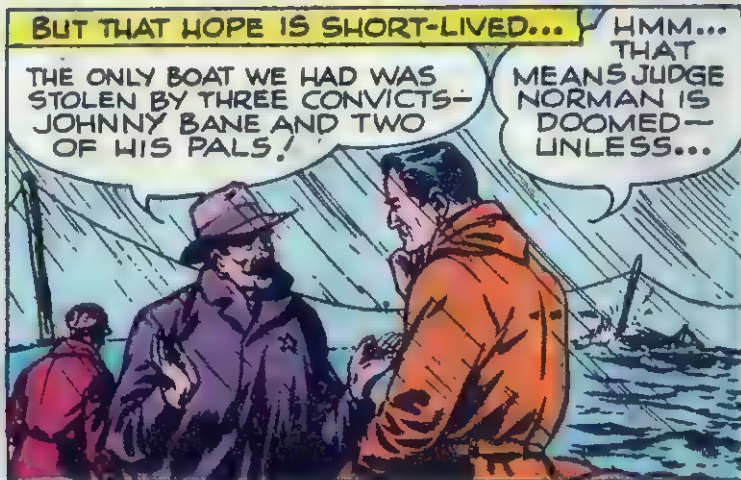
THE JUDGE WASN'T AT HOME WHEN I PASSED HIS HOUSE! I THOUGHT HE HAD GONE!

FUNNY— HE WASN'T WITH US EITHER...

HE'S STILL ON THE ISLAND!



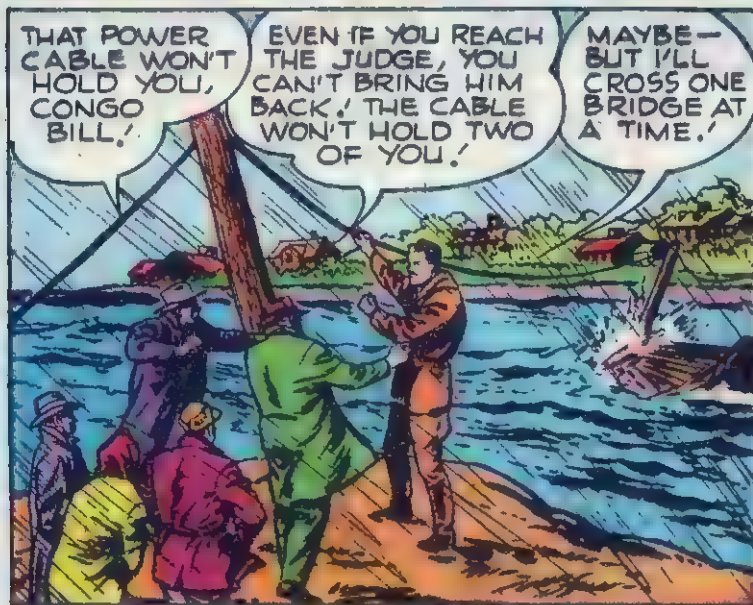
IF JUDGE NORMAN IS ON THE ISLAND, WE MUST GO BACK FOR HIM! A BOAT IS NOW THE ONLY WAY...



BUT THAT HOPE IS SHORT-LIVED...

THE ONLY BOAT WE HAD WAS STOLEN BY THREE CONVICTS— JOHNNY BANE AND TWO OF HIS PALS!

HMM... THAT MEANS JUDGE NORMAN IS DOOMED— UNLESS...



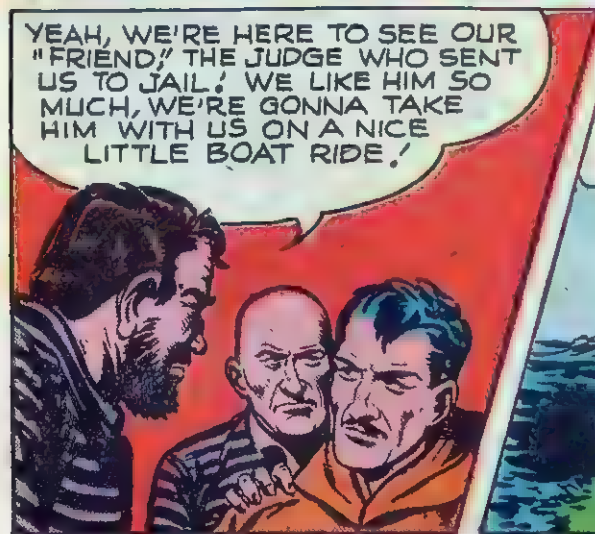
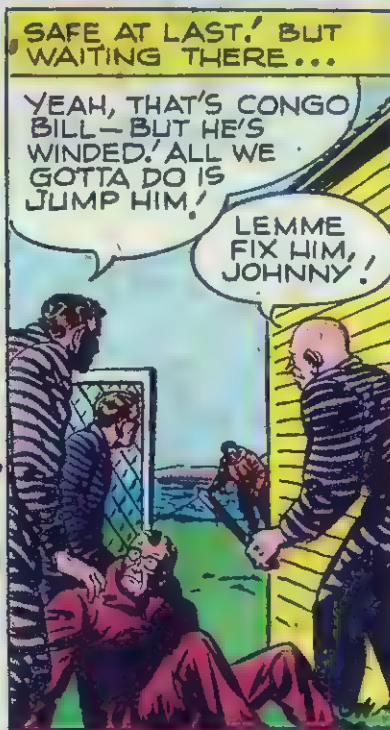
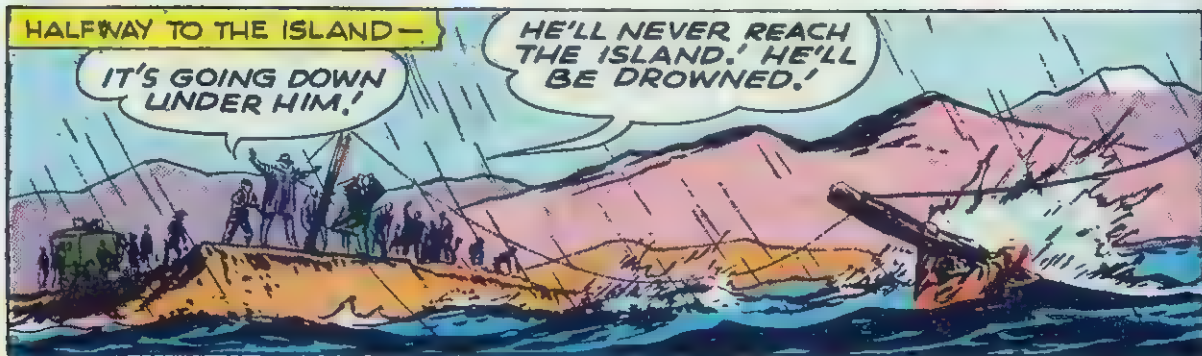
THAT POWER CABLE WON'T HOLD YOU, CONGO BILL!

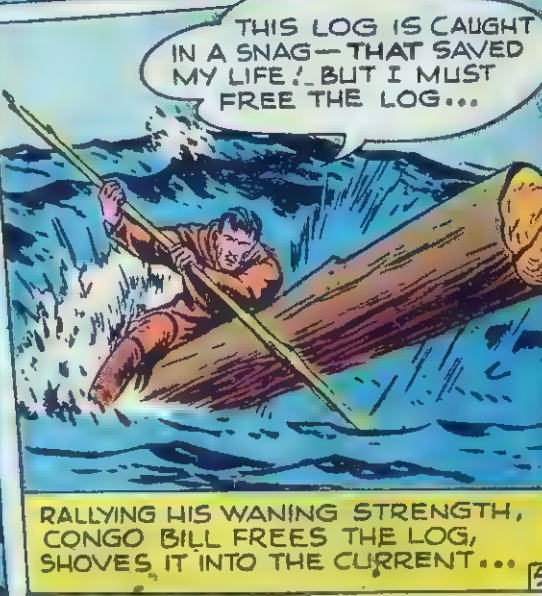
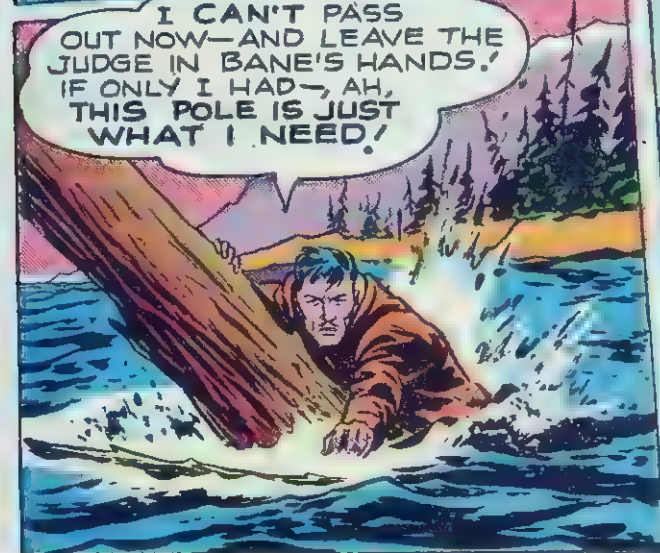
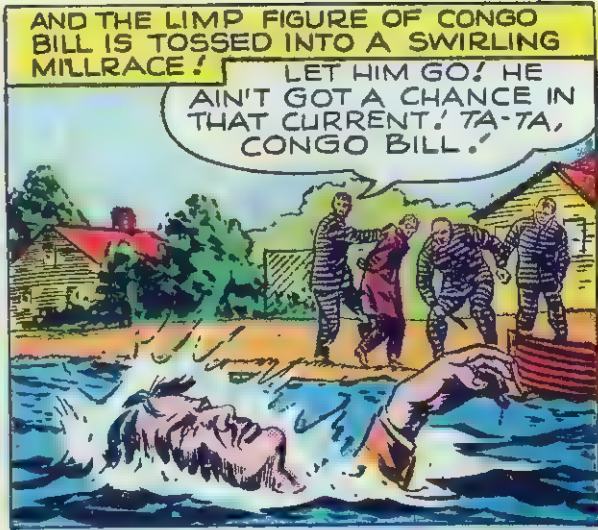
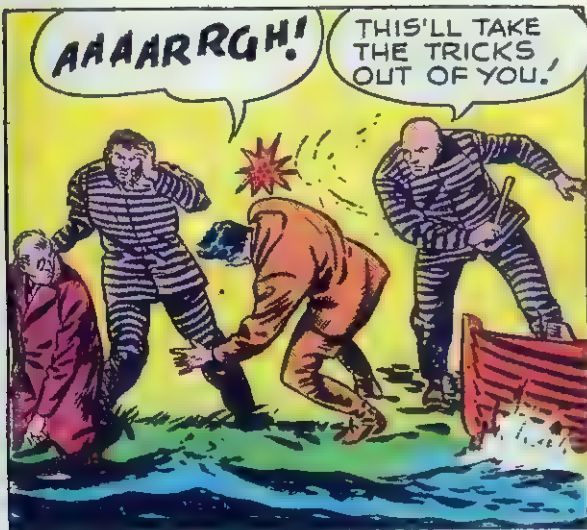
EVEN IF YOU REACH THE JUDGE, YOU CAN'T BRING HIM BACK! THE CABLE WON'T HOLD TWO OF YOU!

MAYBE— BUT I'LL CROSS ONE BRIDGE AT A TIME!



THEY MAY BE RIGHT— BUT I CAN'T LET A HELPLESS OLD MAN DROWN OUT THERE!





THIS IS A VESSEL JOHNNY BANE NEVER FIGURED ON!



BUT CONGO BILL'S PRIMITIVE CRAFT IS SLOW! AND FAR DOWNSTREAM...

CONGO BILL!— HE'S FOLLOWING US—ON A LOG, JOHNNY!

LET HIM COME! WHEN WE ROUND THE NEXT BEND, WE'LL LOSE HIM—THEN THERE'LL BE NOTHING TO STOP US.



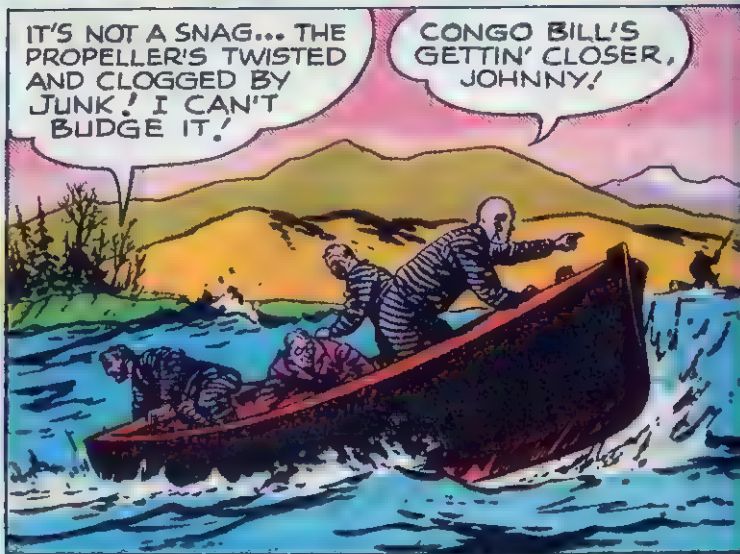
OOOF! SOMETHIN' DID STOP US, JOHNNY!

WE HIT A SNAG!



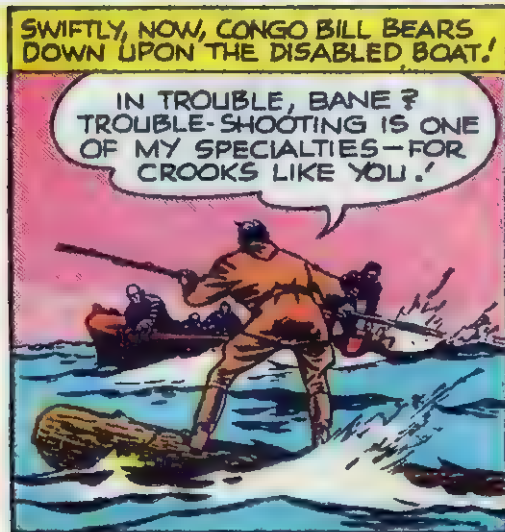
IT'S NOT A SNAG... THE PROPELLER'S TWISTED AND CLOGGED BY JUNK! I CAN'T BUDGE IT!

CONGO BILL'S GETTIN' CLOSER, JOHNNY!



SWIFTLY, NOW, CONGO BILL BEARS DOWN UPON THE DISABLED BOAT!

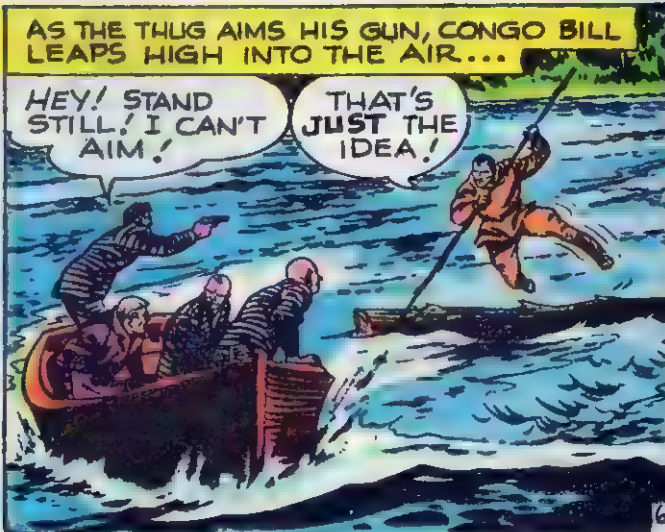
IN TROUBLE, BANE? TROUBLE-SHOOTING IS ONE OF MY SPECIALTIES—FOR CROOKS LIKE YOU!



AS THE THUG AIMS HIS GUN, CONGO BILL LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR...

HEY! STAND STILL, I CAN'T AIM!

THAT'S JUST THE IDEA!





AS THE LOG IS PROPELLED CLOSER, CONGO BILL ATTACKS!

YOU NEED TARGET PRACTICE, BUT THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, BANE!

OOOW!



WHEN YOU TURN CROOK, YOU ALWAYS GET IT IN THE NECK, HEFTY!

AAAARK!



NOTHING LIKE A COLD PLUNGE TO REVIVE YOU, BANE!

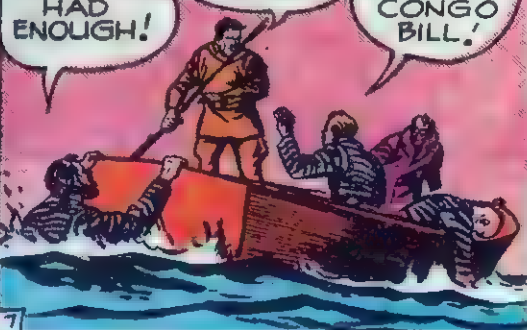
EEEE!!



YOU WIN, CONGO BILL! I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

DRAG HIM IN AND TIE HIM UP!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, CONGO BILL!



LATER...

THE JUDGE IS SAFE! HURRAH FOR CONGO BILL!

TAKE A BOW, CONGO BILL! SINGLEHANDLED YOU BESTED JOHNNY BANE'S CROOKS AND THE RAMPAGING RIVER!



THE END

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

'DG ECTGHWN YJGP
AQW TKFG C DKEAENG.
YCVEJ QWV HQT ECTU.

SUPERMAN,

c/o ACTION COMICS

480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

MAY

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

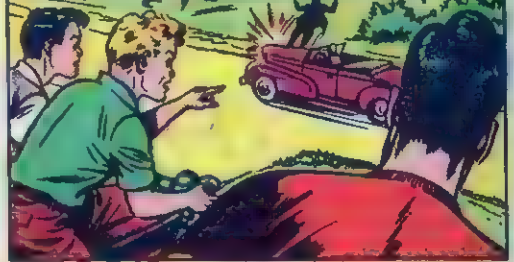
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



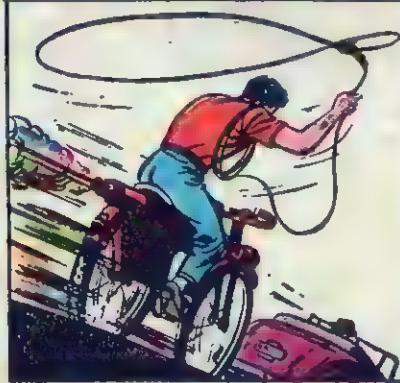
SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

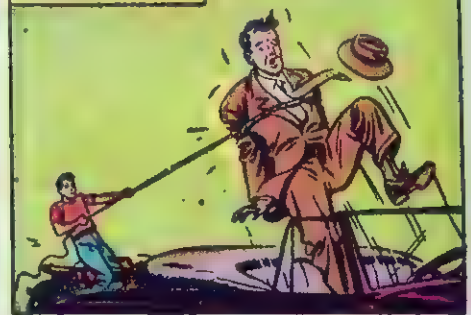
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



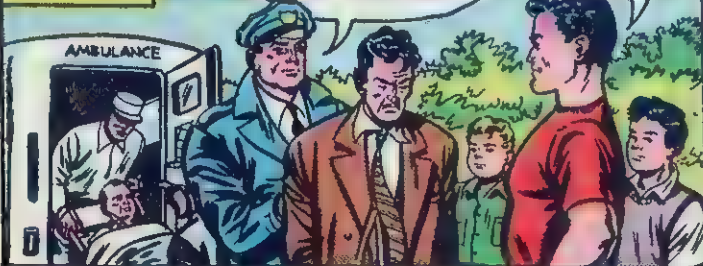
U.S. LASSES THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...

NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



*AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL. NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH IT'S SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

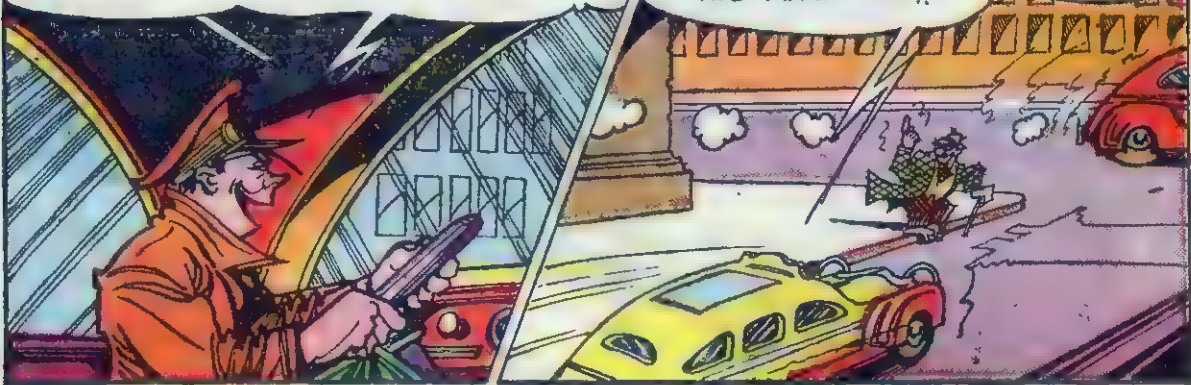
CABBIE CAVEY

by JACK FARR

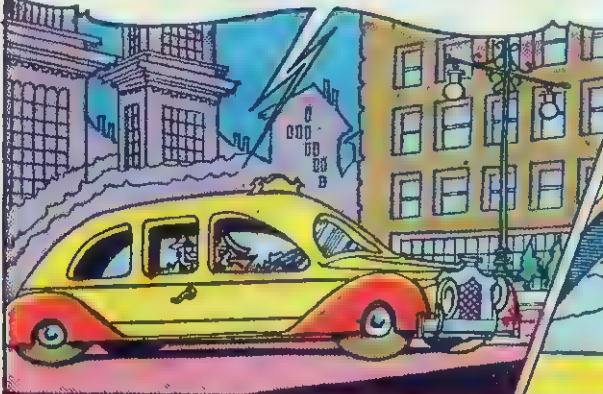
LISTEN, OL' MAN RIVER,
DON'T GET ME WRONG -- I
LIKE WATER, Y'UNDERSTAND? BUT
FROM NOW ON I'M TAKIN' MINE
JUST A GLASSFULL AT A TIME, -
FOR DRINKIN' PURPOSES ONLY!!

IT'M - THIS NEW NUMBER THAT MARTY
MURPHY THE MAESTRO OF MECHANICAL
MISERIES HANDED ME, HUMS A TUNE
LIKE IT'S REALLY GOT WHAT IT TAKES!!

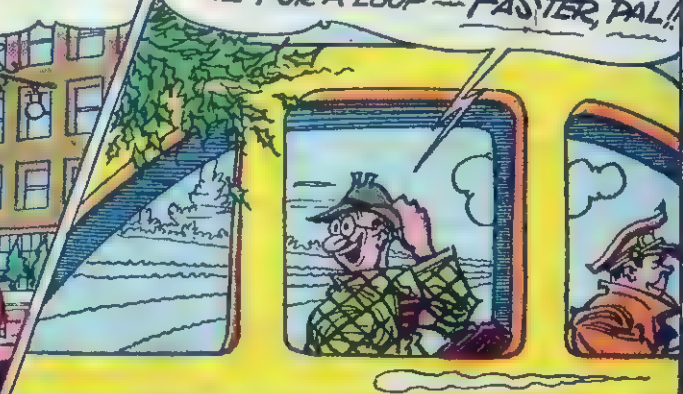
OOPS! AN' HERE'S MY FIRST
CUSTOMER! HOPE HE'S GOT A
LARGE HUNK O' SPENDTHRIFT IN
HIS MAKE-UP!!



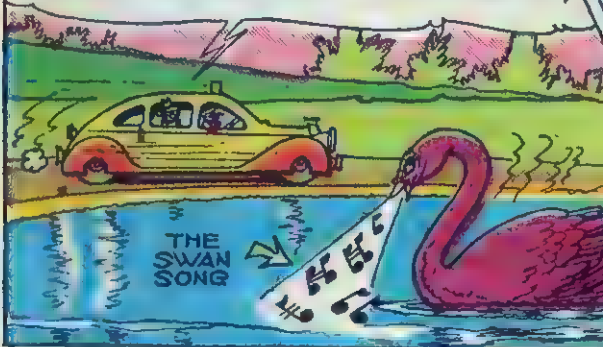
AH; MY GOOD FELLOW, CHAPPIE,
OL' CHUM -- AND ALL THAT SORT O' THING --
HERE'S \$10 -- DRIVE ME THROUGH
THE PARK \$10 WORTH -- BUT FAST!



AH! -- THIS IS IDYLIC -- NATURE
UNADORNED! -- THE MERE TWITTERING
OF THE SPARROWS ALWAYS KNOCKS
ME FOR A LOOP -- FASTER, PAL!



TCH - TCH! -- SWANS NO LESS! -- DO
THEY BRING BACK MEMORIES -- I
WANTED TO RAISE THEM ONCE -- SENT
AWAY TO A MAIL ORDER HOUSE FOR
SWAN EGGS, BUT THEY ALL CAME
OUT SEA-GULLS -- WAS I MORTIFIED!
HERE'S ANOTHER \$10 -- KEEP DRIVING!

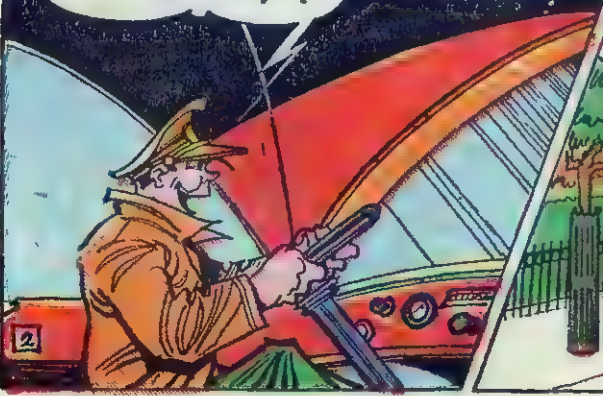


HALF AN HOUR LATER --

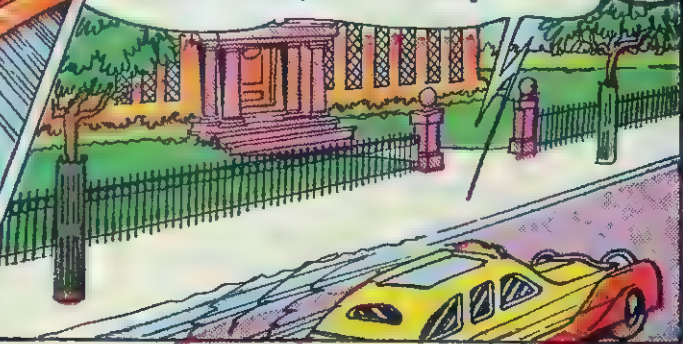
THAT'S PLENTY OF NATURE FOR
ONE DAY, CHUM -- HERE'S ANOTHER
\$10 -- NOW DRIVE ME THROUGH
THE RITZY RESIDENTIAL SECTION!!



THIS GUY IS EITHER BLOTTO -- OR I'M
BLOTTO -- OR MEBBE WE'RE BOTH
JUST A COUPLA BLOTS -- BUT WHO AM I
TO ARGUE M'SELF OUTA ALL THIS CRISP
FOLDIN' MONEY?



AH! -- THE MANSION OF MULTI-MULTI-
MILLIONAIRE, J. ANACONDA FILCH! HE
COULD'VE BEEN MY GREAT-UNCLE IF
HE'D MARRIED MY GREAT-AUNT, ABIGAIL,
-- BUT SHE NEVER MET HIM -- SO JUST
FOR SPITE SHE MARRIED POOR OL'
UNCLE SLUMP INSTEAD! --



15 MINUTES LATER •

ALL THIS DISPLAY OF FROZEN ASSETS GIVES ME A CHILL, CHUM, -- HERE'S ANOTHER \$10 -- PLEASE DRIVE ME DOWNTOWN THROUGH THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT !!

TOSS!

PHIEW! -- THIS GUY IS DRIVIN' ME BOWLEGGED -- HE MUST HAVE ONE O' THEM ROAD-MAP COMPLEXES OR SUMP'N, WALL ST, HERE WE COME!

AH! -- THE OLD FIRST INTERNATIONAL -- INTERNATIONAL BANK! \$21,000,000,000, WITH 68000 DEPOSITORS -- AND NOT ONE O' THEM IS ME! -- DRIVE ON, PAL! --

HARUMPH! -- THE STOCK EXCHANGE! -- THEY DEAL IN MILLIONS, EVERY HOUR, ON THE HOUR -- AND THEY'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ME EITHER. KEEP DRIVING, BUD!

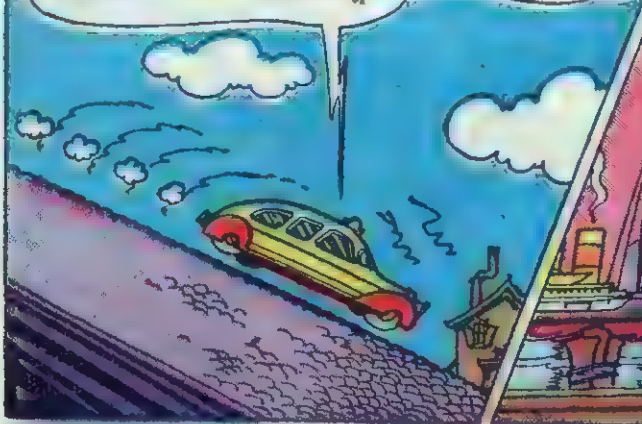
ALL THIS TIRES ME, OL' CHAP -- HERE'S ANOTHER \$10, -- NOW LET'S COVER THE WATERFRONT !!

OKAY, GUV'NOR -- ANY PARTICULAR PART?

OH, PIER SIX WILL DO -- DRIVE THERE !!

OKEY-DOKE!

PHEW!--I'VE CERTAINLY BEEN ON A SIGHT-SEEING TOUR WITH THIS BIRD! NOW IT'S PIER 6 HE WANTS--SO IT'S PIER 6 HE GETS!!



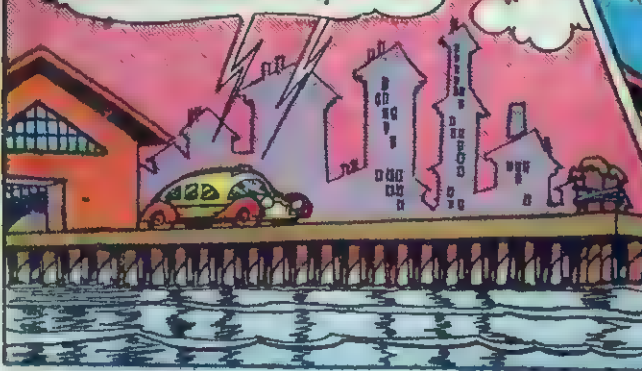
HERE WE ARE, SIR,--PIER 6! WHERE TO NOW?

OH, JUST DRIVE OUT ON THE PIER, M'LAD!



OKAY, GUV'NOR,!--HERE WE GO OUT ON THE PIER--HOW FAR?

ALL THE WAY, CHUM,--ALL THE WAY!!---



--FULL SPEED AHEAD, AND GO RIGHT OFF THE DEEP END!--I WANNA RUB OUT ALL OF MY MISTAKES IN ONE GRAND SPLASH!--FULL SPEED AHEAD--INTO THE DRINK!

PHEW-W!--IF YOU'VE HAD A FEW 'REVERSES', BUD,--HAVE ANOTHER 'QUICK ONE' ON ME!!

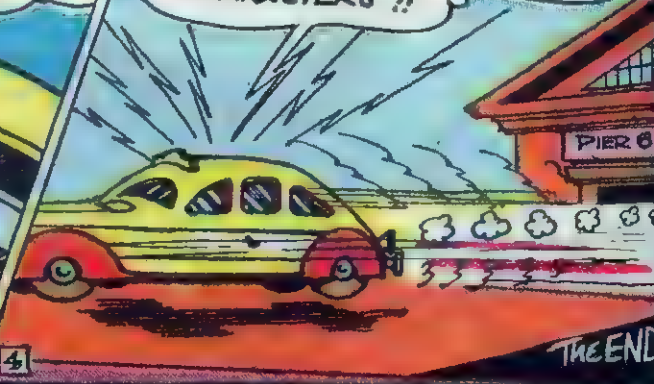


HERE, CLANCY!--HERE'S A SPECIMEN FOR YOUR COLLECTION THAT WANTS TGO SWIMMIN' FOR THE LAST TIME--AN' USE MY CAB FOR HIS BATHIN'SUIT--I DOWANNA SWIM, SO TAKE HIM AWAY!!

OKAY, CASEY!!



PHEW!!--IN THIS TAXI RACKET YOU CERTAINLY MEET THE MOST UNREASONABLE CHARACTERS!!



Bazooka

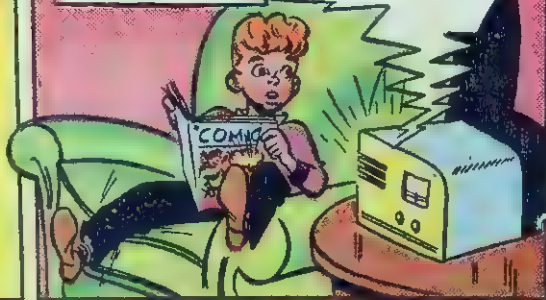
THE ATOM

BUBBLE BOY

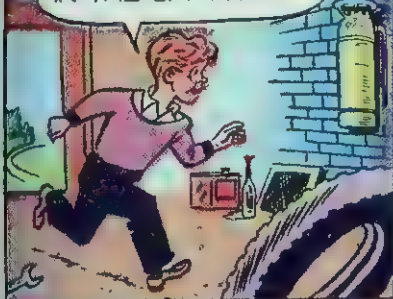
in
RANGER
RESCUE



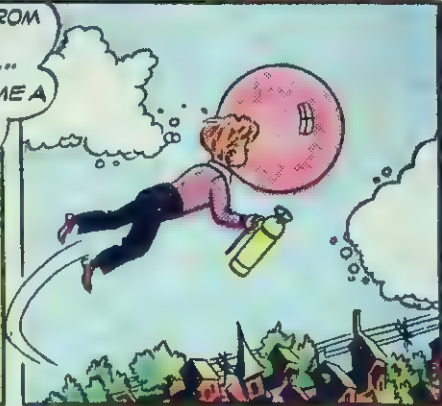
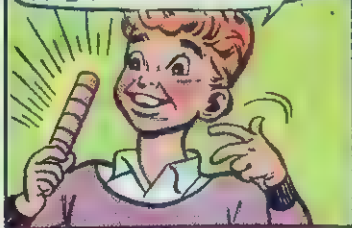
FLASH! THE FIRE IN GREEN FOREST HAS COMPLETELY CUT OFF THREE FOREST RANGERS. THE MEN ARE TRAPPED.



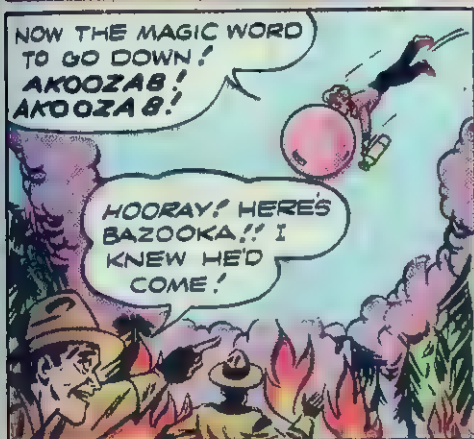
SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! LUCKY THING THAT DAD HAS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN THE GARAGE!



NOW FOR A GIANT BUBBLE FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM- I'LL SAY THE MAGIC PHRASE... "BAZOOKA, BAZOOKA, MAKE ME A BUBBLE- AND FLY ME TO WHERE MY GOOD FRIENDS ARE IN TROUBLE."

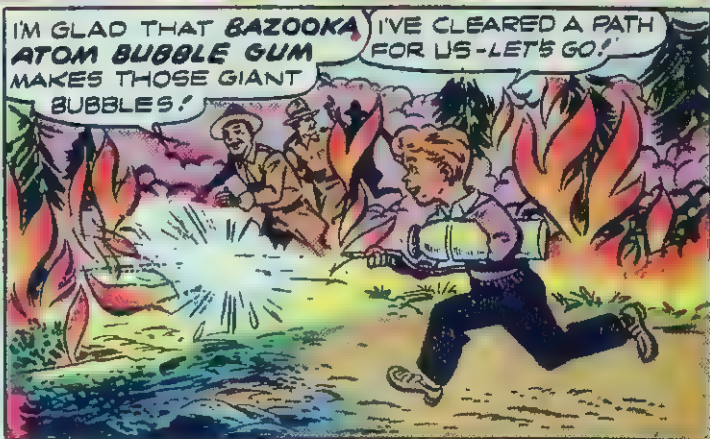


NOW THE MAGIC WORD TO GO DOWN! AKOOZAB! AKOOZA B!



HOORAY! HERE'S BAZOOKA!! I KNEW HE'D COME!

I'M GLAD THAT BAZOOKA ATOM BUBBLE GUM MAKES THOSE GIANT BUBBLES!



I'VE CLEARED A PATH FOR US-LET'S GO!

NEW BIGGER BUBBLES
BETTER BUBBLES



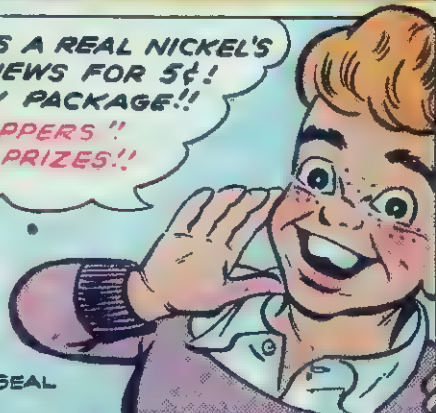
6 BIG
CHEWS FOR 5¢

HEY, KIDS! HERE'S A REAL NICKEL'S WORTH! 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢! COMICS IN EVERY PACKAGE!!

SAVE WRAPPERS!!
VALUABLE PRIZES!!

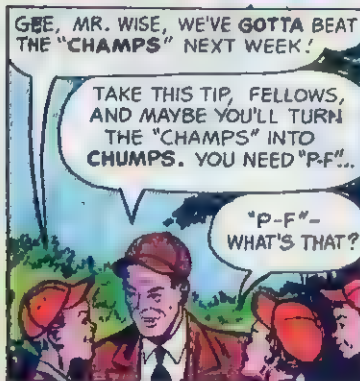
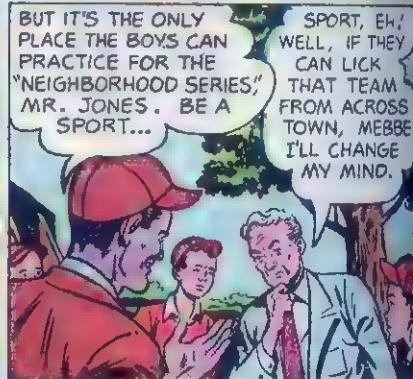


AWARDED THE
PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL



The SECRET THAT SAVED The SANDLOT

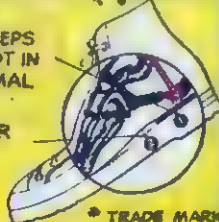
ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

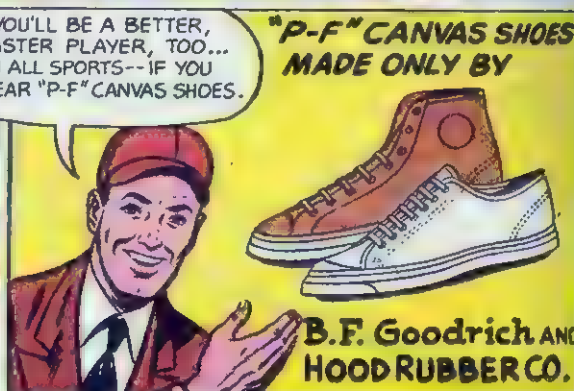
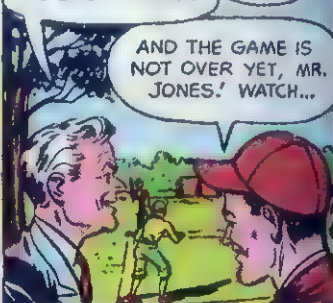
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

OUR BOYS ARE DOING PURTY WELL... TYING THE SCORE IN THE LAST INNING!



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

ZATARA UTTERS MIRACU-
LOUS WORDS OF COMMAND...
BUT FOR ONCE HIS MAGIC
DOESN'T WORK! YES,
THIS TIME HIS WONDER-
WORKING WIZARDRY
FALLS FLAT BEFORE
SNEERING SPECTATORS...
A CRIMINAL TRIUMPHS
UNTIL THE MASTER
MAGICIAN SUMMONS...

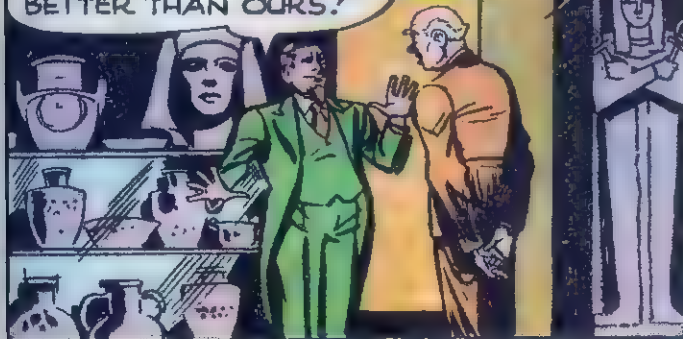
"THE ANIMATED ANTIQUES!"



THE CURATOR OF THE COSMOPOLITAN MUSEUM OF
ANCIENT ART RECEIVES A VISIT FROM J. P. ASTOR,
ITS WEALTHY DIRECTOR...

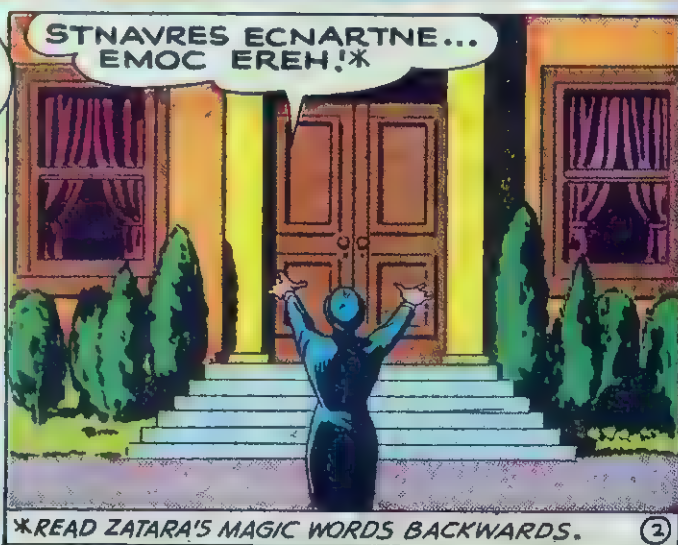
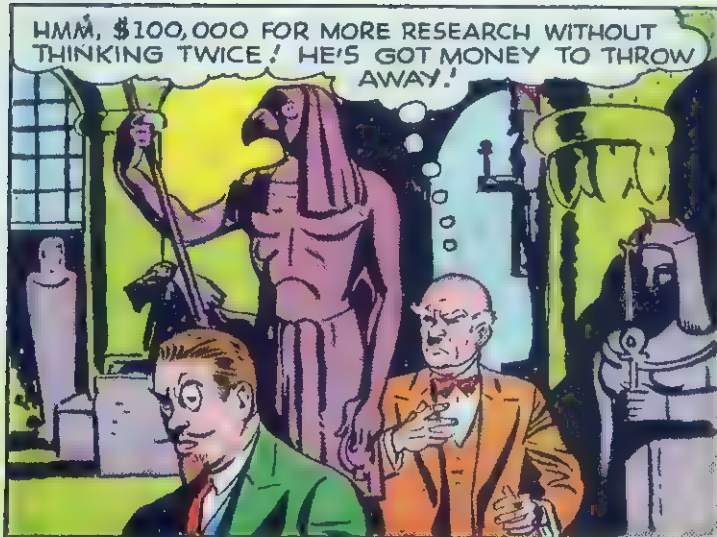
COLLINS, THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM
IS GETTING SOME NEW ANTIQUES...
THEIR EXHIBIT WILL BE
BETTER THAN OURS!

YES, MR.
ASTOR!

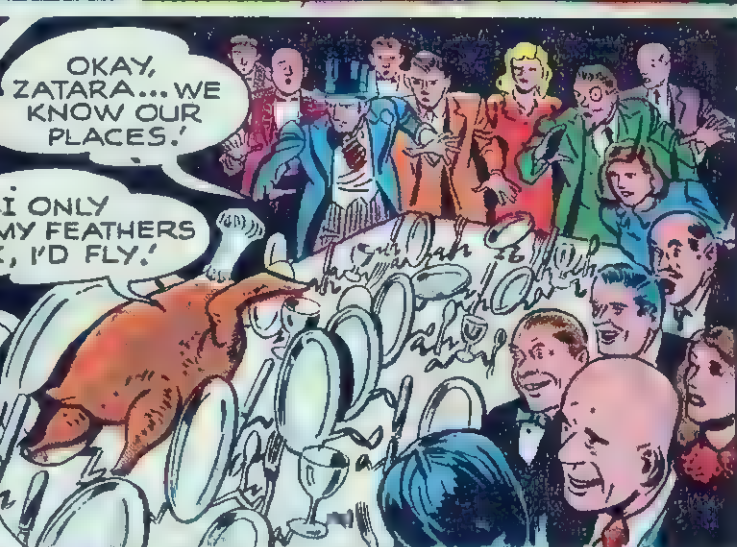
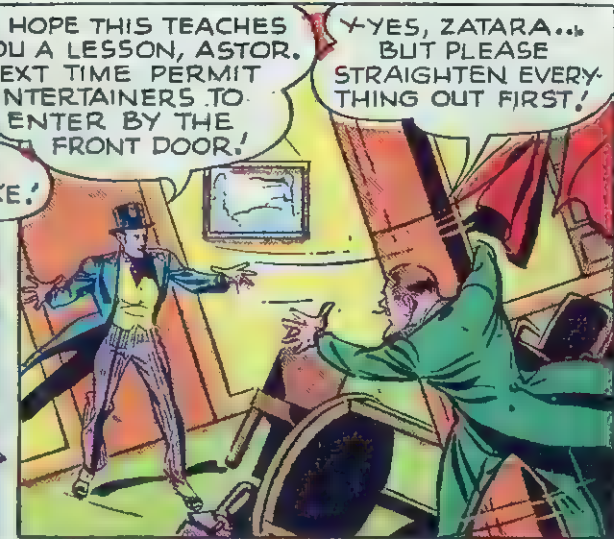
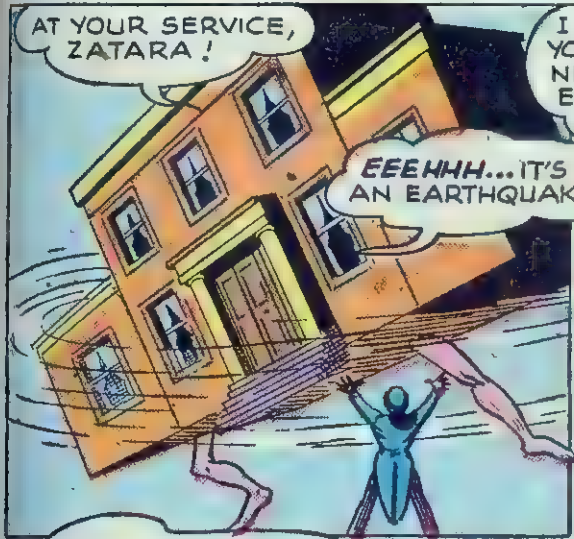


SO THEY THINK! I'M CONTRIB-
UTING \$100,000 FOR A NEW
EXPEDITION... WE'LL SEE WHO
ENDS UP WITH THE BETTER
COLLECTION!





*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.



UNEXPECTEDLY...

MR. ASTOR, THE MUSEUM'S BEING FLOODED BY A BROKEN MAIN.

GREAT SCOTT, THE COLLECTION'S WORTH MILLIONS... YOU MUST HELP SAVE IT, ZATARA!

AT THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER...

THE FOUNDATIONS ARE BEING WEAKENED... I HOPE NONE OF THE PILLARS COLLAPSES!

I'LL TRY TO PROP THEM UP...

NOIL... TROPPUS RALLIP!

IT'S BREAKING UP INTO SOAP BUBBLES! YOUR MAGIC DOESN'T WORK, ZATARA!

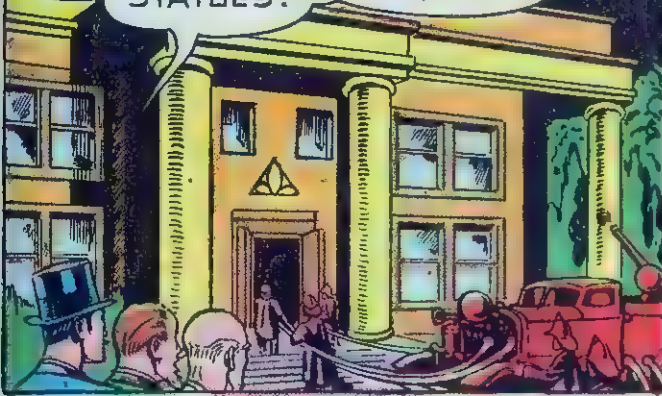
I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

SIBUNA... UOY TROPPUS RALLIP!

ANOTHER FAILURE... YOU'VE LOST YOUR POWERS, ZATARA! ALL THE EXHIBITS WILL BE FLOODED!

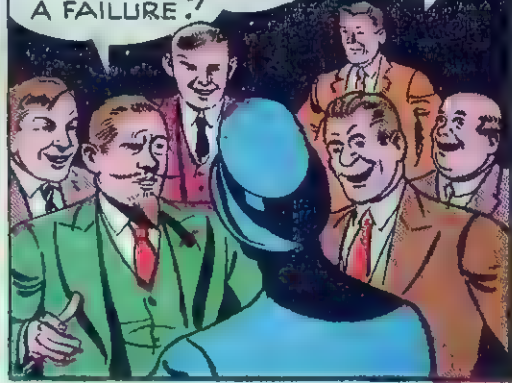
AS THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ARRIVES TO AID IN THE RESCUE WORK...

THEY'RE PUMPING THE WATER OUT OF THE BUILDING... THEY'LL SAVE YOUR PRICELESS STATUES!



NO THANKS TO YOU, ZATARA! YOU COULD USE YOUR MAGIC TO RUIN MY HOUSE... BUT WHEN IT COMES TO HELPING, YOU'RE A FAILURE!

YES, YOU'RE SIMPLY RIDICULOUS! HA, HA!



I WONDER... I SAID THE WORDS AS USUAL... NOTHING SHOULD HAVE GONE WRONG...



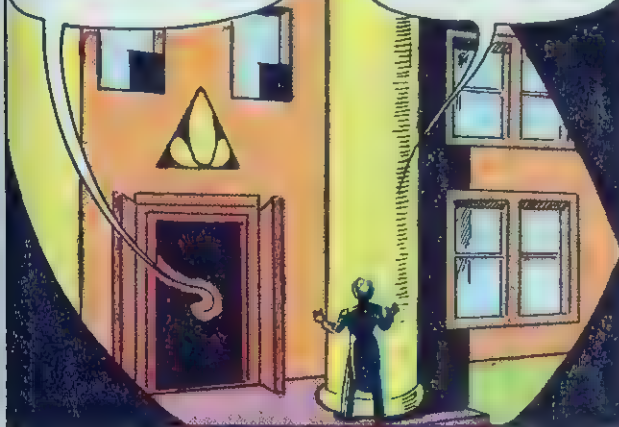
YHW DID CIGAM LIAF? KAEPS, MUESUM!

SIMPLE ENOUGH, ZATARA... YOU DIDN'T SPEAK TO THE RIGHT OBJECTS!

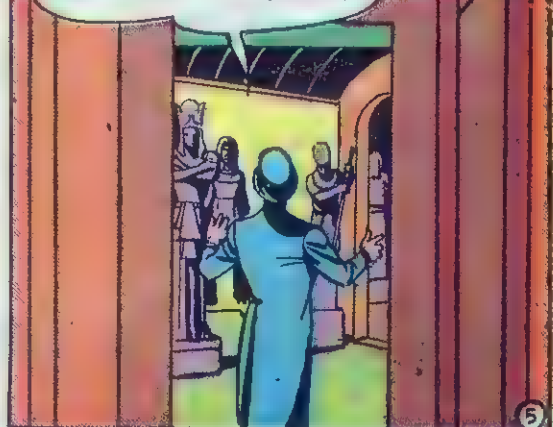


COLLINS SOLD THE GENUINE OBJECTS... THOSE YOU SAW WERE FAKES MADE OF SOAP!

SO THAT'S WHY THEY MELTED IN THE WATER!

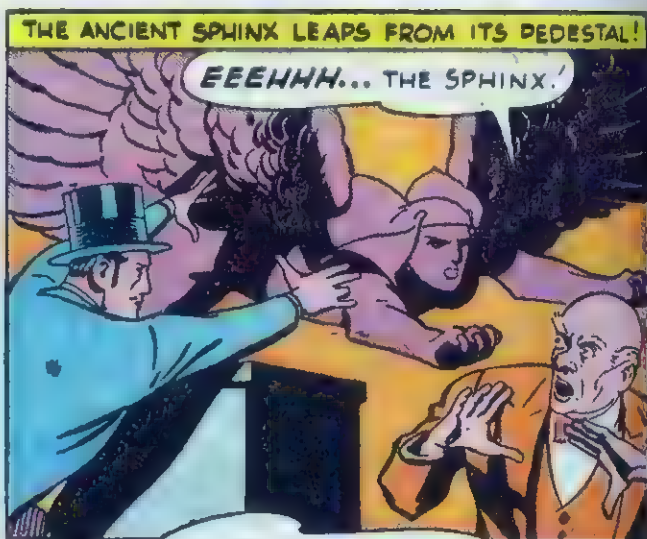


WELL, THERE MUST BE A FEW GENUINE ANTIQUES LEFT... AND I'LL USE THEM TO TEACH COLLINS A LESSON!



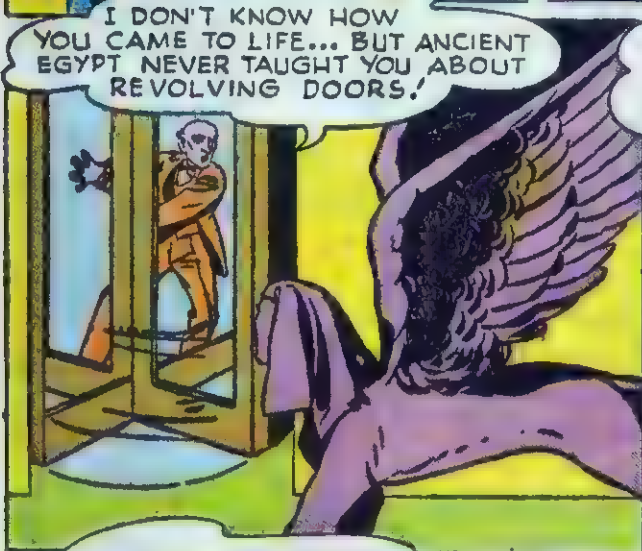


XNIHPS, EMOC OT EFIL.

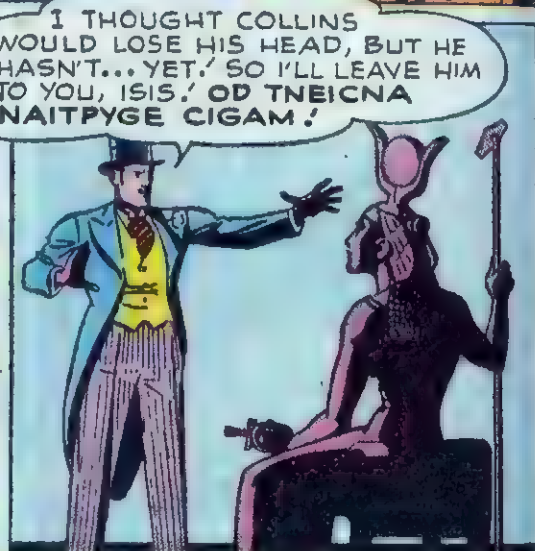


THE ANCIENT SPHINX LEAPS FROM ITS PEDESTAL!

EEEEHHH... THE SPHINX!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU CAME TO LIFE... BUT ANCIENT EGYPT NEVER TAUGHT YOU ABOUT REVOLVING DOORS.



I THOUGHT COLLINS WOULD LOSE HIS HEAD, BUT HE HASN'T... YET.' SO I'LL LEAVE HIM TO YOU, ISIS.' OD TNEICNA NAITPYGE CIGAM.

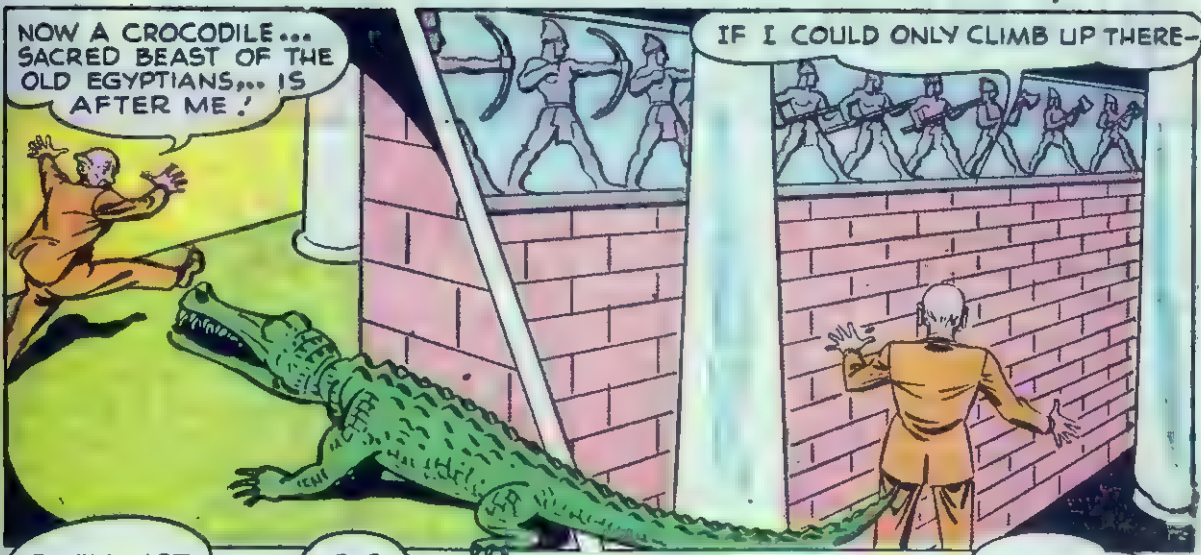


AS YOU SAY, ZATARA... FIRST, TO WALK THROUGH THIS WALL, AND REACH THE CRIMINAL.



PRESENTLY... HE IS YOURS TO PUNISH, KING AMENHOTEP.

YIII... THE MUMMY'S ALIVE!



NOW A CROCODILE... SACRED BEAST OF THE OLD EGYPTIANS... IS AFTER ME!

IF I COULD ONLY CLIMB UP THERE-

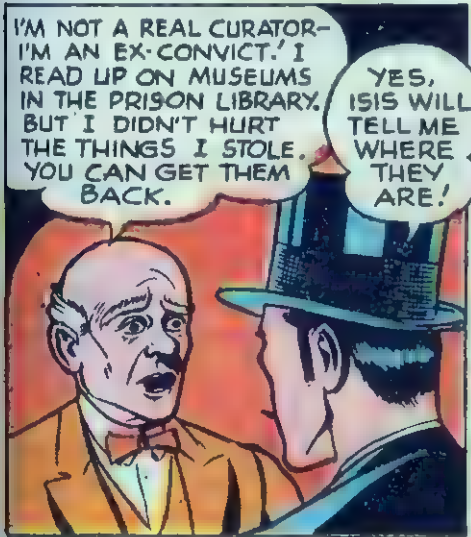
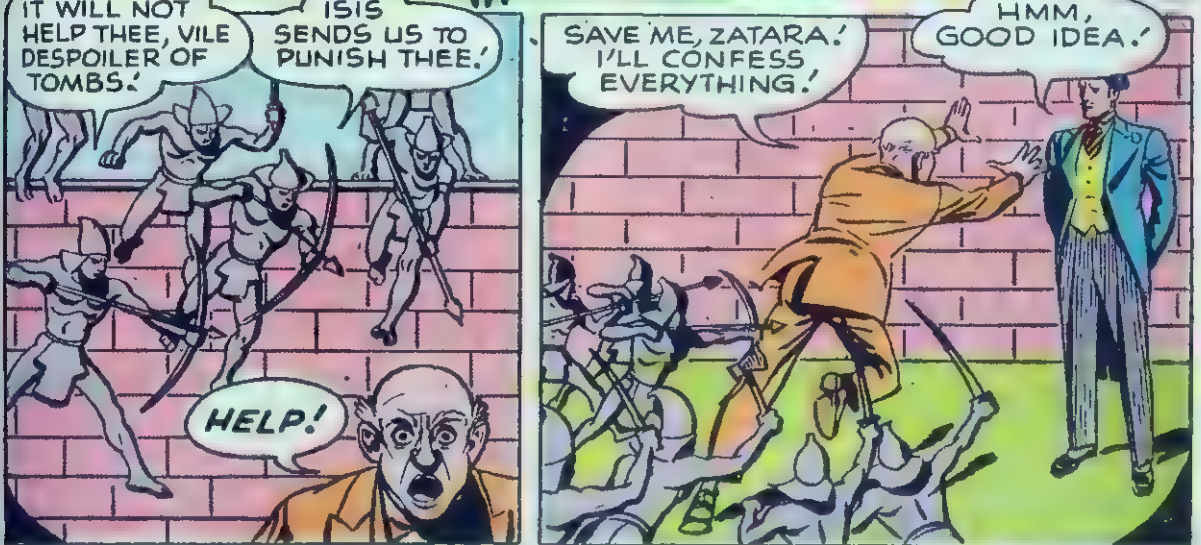
IT WILL NOT HELP THEE, VILE DESPOILER OF TOMBS!

ISIS SENDS US TO PUNISH THEE!

HELP!

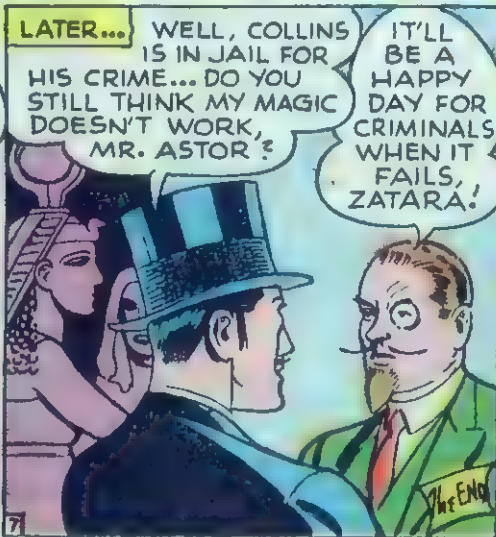
SAVE ME, ZATARA! I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING!

HMM, GOOD IDEA!



I'M NOT A REAL CURATOR-I'M AN EX-CONVICT. I READ UP ON MUSEUMS IN THE PRISON LIBRARY. BUT I DIDN'T HURT THE THINGS I STOLE. YOU CAN GET THEM BACK.

YES, ISIS WILL TELL ME WHERE THEY ARE!



LATER... WELL, COLLINS IS IN JAIL FOR HIS CRIME... DO YOU STILL THINK MY MAGIC DOESN'T WORK, MR. ASTOR?

IT'LL BE A HAPPY DAY FOR CRIMINALS WHEN IT FAILS, ZATARA!

SEE ZATARA
PERFORM HIS MAGIC STUNTS in every issue of **World's Finest and ACTION Comics**

CROOKED FLIGHT

By ARTHUR ALLENBY

LITTLE Patsy hated to argue with his hired henchmen, especially with one as dumb as Daffy Doolin. Daffy was probably the dumbest crook, or assistant to a crook that ever lived, but Little Patsy figured that sometimes you could make good use of a guy like Daffy. Besides, it didn't pay to have too many great brains operating together—Light Touch Tommy and Weasel Brown, his other assistants, were adequate on the grey matter, and it was to them that Little Patsy was now airing his irritation with Daffy Doolin.

"I tell Daffy I want him to go 100 miles out of town and steal me a car," Little Patsy declared with some heat, "and he wants to know WHY, when we have plenty of cars right here in town to steal. Besides, says Daffy to me, you already have a car that I stole for you. What do you need two cars for? How many are there of us, anyway?"

"Not even grammatical, he ain't," put in Light Touch Tommy sympathetically. "Of course, I don't blame you, Boss, for not letting Daffy in on the job we're pulling. The last time he started talking to that pretty girl, we were very lucky."

"You mean it was lucky I knew she was a lady copper," cut in Weasel Brown.

"That is neither here nor there," said Little Patsy severely. "I brought you boys together to go over our plans for tonight's stick-up at the Arena." He chuckled. "While the rest of the sporting gentry is watching the fight between Bates and Kid Robin, we will be partaking of their dough."

Still chuckling, Little Patsy disclosed his plan. "Two special policemen go with the cashier to the private office in the arena. You fellows know where the door is. I have a key which was made from an impression I took last week at the Horse Show. You, Light Touch, and Weasel, will be inside that door when the special cops and the cashier come in."

Little Patsy looked pleased. "And when you have taken care of the three of them, with fists, please—no rough stuff this time—I will be outside waiting in the car."

Weasel nodded happily. "And we drive upstate a hundred miles where Daffy will be waiting for us in another car. So even if our car is tabbed, we are able to change to the second car which Daffy has stolen, and throw anybody off the trail." He looked proudly at Little Patsy. "You sure have a great brain, boss. Too bad Daffy is too dumb to appreciate it."

Little Patsy held up his hand. "Daffy has not had the superior education you fellows have had," he said. "He was a very backward student in reform school." He frowned. "You know, I sometimes get the impression that Daffy can't read very well, though he always denies this and says it's his poor eyesight."

Light Touch Tommy guffawed. "I think you're right, Boss."

Meanwhile, the object of their affectionate ribaldry, Daffy Doolin himself, was thumbing through the collection of magazines in the railroad station of a town some hundred miles away. He was delighted to find so many books in what he considered a small town. The only trouble, he realized as he thumbed, was that he had seen most of them.

He smiled happily at the clerk. "This all you got, mister?"

The clerk's eyes widened. "All? There's enough reading there to keep a man busy for a week."

Daffy smiled. "I'm not going to be here a week," he said, "I'm between trains. Besides, who's reading them?" He chuckled. "I like the pictures."

He paid the required sum to the man and made his way down the streets of the town.

It was a small place, but progressive. Being Saturday night, the shops were open and the street was thronged with people.

Daffy trudged along, his thoughts happy, serenely confident he was doing his job. His watch told him he was operating right on schedule. In just a little while, he'd grab a car and then burn up the road toward the place Little Patsy had said they'd be.

Daffy wasn't sure just what Little Patsy and the boys were up to. Actually, he had ceased to care. He always knew there was a good cut in it for him and nothing ever went wrong with Little Patsy's planning. As he walked, Daffy scratched his head. What was it Little Patsy had told him to be sure to do? He smiled a dazzling smile. That was it, a black car!

His alert eyes studied the parked cars, rested on a station wagon. He'd have liked that, but he never did anything but what Little Patsy told him to do.

It was almost thirty minutes before he saw his chance. By then he was beginning to worry. Suddenly he saw it, a black sedan, perhaps not as big as he'd like. It was parked before a small brick building, which looked to Daffy like a schoolhouse. He smiled. "Must be some kind of meeting in there," he reasoned. "They won't be out for a while."

As he approached the car, he felt a momentary qualm. The engine had been left running, which meant the owner might come out any moment. Daffy bit his lip. He just didn't have time now to look for something else. Without hesitation, he slid behind the wheel, and a moment later was tooling away.

Once on the highway he increased his speed, but seeing no one behind him, slowed down. There was a radio in the car, but it didn't intrigue Daffy. He snapped it off, preferring to get to his destination. Beside him on the seat was his pile of magazines.

Daffy was right on schedule when he slid the car off onto the side road Little Patsy had mapped out for him. He looked at his watch, then snapped out the lights. If things were

right, the boys would be here in ten minutes.

They were on time. No further time was consumed in conversation as bags of money were transferred in the dark. "Okay, Daffy, get going," said Little Patsy. "We'll get to this hideout around noon tomorrow. Have any trouble snatching this bus?"

"None at all," said Daffy happily. "Now you boys get some sleep and leave everything to me. I won't speed, so we won't get picked up. And it's sixty miles from where I swiped this car and I wasn't followed. I'll wake you up in the morning."

Little Patsy and the boys knew Daffy was a good, careful driver. That's why they snored blissfully through the few hours of night remaining. They were still sleeping early in the morning when Daffy halted for the traffic light, and waited as a man approached him.

Daffy smiled. No use waking the boys. This was a cinch. Just like the job they pulled last night. "Good morning, officer," he said cheerily to Sheriff Big Dan Winkler, "I stopped when you held up your hand. What's the matter, have I done something wrong?"

Hearing voices, Little Patsy opened his eyes. He started as he saw the shield on the Sheriff's shirt, but his mind was still sleep-fogged. Besides him, Light Touch Tommy and Weasel snored loudly.

Big Dan glowered at Daffy. "What are you doing out of your jurisdiction, pal?" he asked. "Let's have it. You city cops think you can cut over into any county."

Daffy blinked. "Cops?" he said surprised. He smiled. "Why, we're not cops, Officer," he said proudly as an idea came to him. "We're travelling salesmen!"

Then his eyes shot open as he saw the .45 in the Sheriff's hand. He didn't understand. Neither did Little Patsy. But Little Patsy, being smarter, caught on quicker than Daffy. And being able to read also helped, when he saw the sign on the side of the car Daffy had stolen. It read:

POLICE DEPT
COMUS, N. Y.

VIGILANTE

ON WINTER NIGHTS, INDIANS WILL GATHER 'ROUND CAMPFIRES AND RETELL THE LEGEND OF THE MASKED WHITE BRAVE KNOWN AS VIGILANTE, WHO FOUND TREACHERY LURKING IN THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THEIR ANCESTORS! AND THE INDIANS WILL SPEAK IN AWE WHEN THEY TELL WHAT HAPPENED WHEN VIGILANTE MET RED BLAZE, THE UNTAMED HORSE AS RED AND WILD AS PRAIRIE FIRE. IT IS THE STORY OF...

**"THE HORSE
NOBODY
COULD RIDE!"**

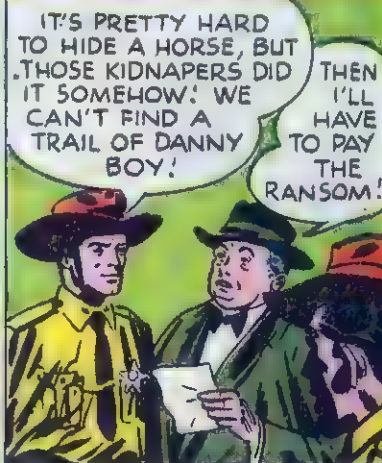


SOMEWHERE OUT WEST, A CHAMPION RACE HORSE IS HIJACKED FROM A TRAILER-TRUCK ON THE WAY TO THE TRACK STABLES...



TROT OUT DANNY BOY! PRONTO!

THE HORSE'S OWNER RECEIVES A RANSOM NOTE...



IT'S PRETTY HARD TO HIDE A HORSE, BUT THOSE KIDNAPERS DID IT SOMEHOW! WE CAN'T FIND A TRAIL OF DANNY BOY!

THEN I'LL HAVE TO PAY THE RANSOM!

MEANWHILE, TWO FAMOUS RIDERS, GREG SANDERS AND HIS PAL, STUFF, TROT ALONG A WESTERN TRAIL...



GREG, WE MUST BE PRETTY NEAR THE INDIAN RESERVATION BY NOW!

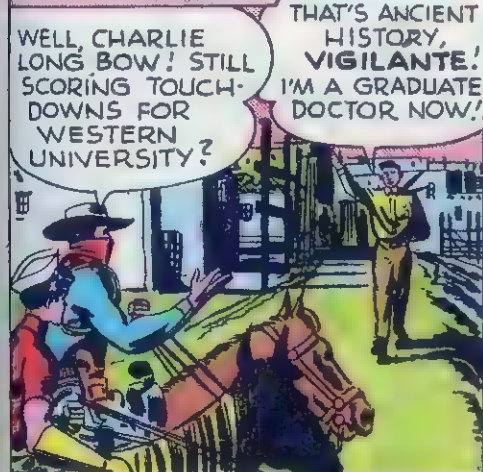
THAT'S RIGHT, STUFF... TIME FOR ME TO CHANGE TO THE VIGILANTE!

VIG, HOW COME THE INDIANS MADE YOU AN HONORARY MEMBER OF THEIR TRIBE?

I HELPED THEM FIGHT OFF CATTLE RUSTLERS TWO YEARS AGO! SINCE THEN, THEY'VE INVITED ME TO ALL OF THEIR SPECIAL CEREMONIES, LIKE THE ONE THEY'RE HAVING TODAY!



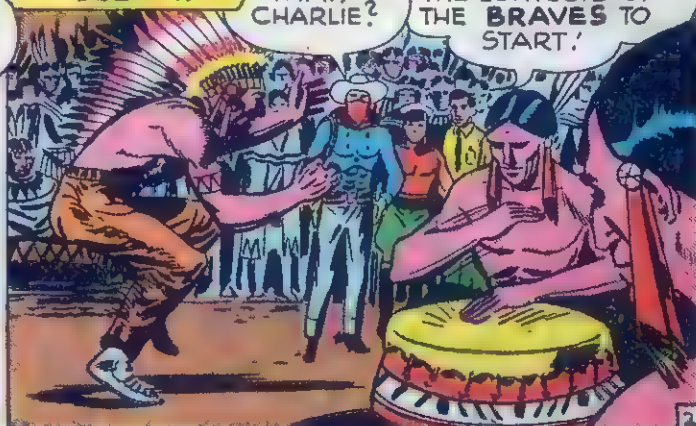
SOON AFTER, THEY APPROACH THE INDIAN VILLAGE...



WELL, CHARLIE LONG BOW! STILL SCORING TOUCH-DOWNS FOR WESTERN UNIVERSITY?

THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY, VIGILANTE! I'M A GRADUATE DOCTOR NOW!

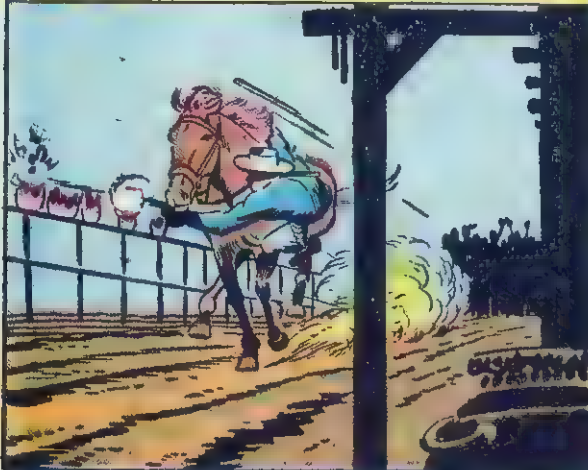
AFTER A WARM WELCOME, THE CEREMONIES BEGIN...



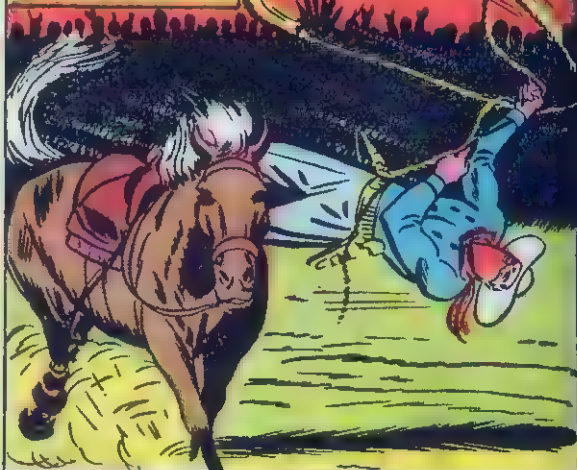
WHAT KIND OF JIVE IS THAT, CHARLIE?

HE'S PERFORMING THE EAGLE DANCE! IT'S THE SIGNAL FOR THE CONTESTS OF THE BRAVES TO START!

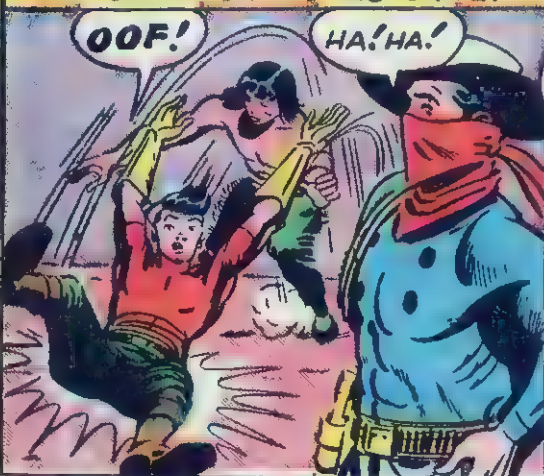
THEN THE HONORED GUEST SHOWS HIS SKILL WITH SIX-GUNS...



...AND THE LASSO...



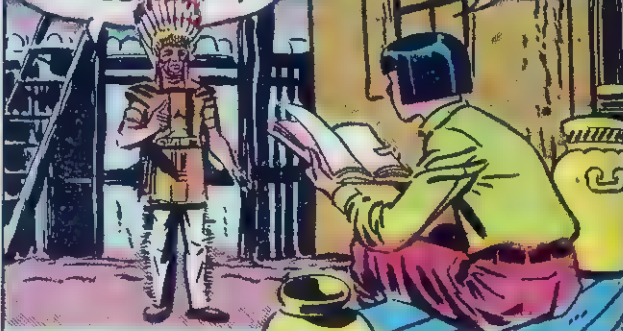
LATER THE YOUNG BRAVES WRESTLE, AND STUFF SHOWS HIS SKILL!



SUDDENLY, CHIEF WAR-BIRD APPROACHES A LAD READING A BOOK.

HO! WHY IS MY YOUNG GRANDSON NOT ENTERED IN THE CONTESTS? IS IT THAT HE IS AFRAID OF COMBAT?

BUT, GRANDFATHER, I'M DOING MY SCHOOL WORK!



YOU KNOW, FEATHERFOOT IS STUDYING FOR A SCHOLARSHIP!

SILENCE! WHEN I WAS YOUNG THE SON OF A CHIEF NEEDED NO BOOKS! THE BOY IS TIMID AS A SQUAW!



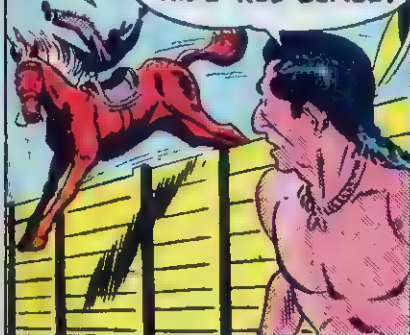
GRANDFATHER, IF YOU GIVE ME A TASK AND I PROVE MY COURAGE, WILL YOU LET ME CONTINUE WITH MY STUDIES?

HMM-MM! VERY WELL! HERE IS YOUR TASK- TO RIDE RED BLAZE, LEADER OF THE WILD HORSES!



RED BLAZE, THE WILD HORSE
...AS RED AND AS FIERCE AS
A PRAIRIE FIRE! ONCE THE
INDIANS CAUGHT HIM, BUT...

AHHGH! HE'S ESCAPED!
NO MAN WILL EVER
RIDE RED BLAZE!



AND NOW HE RULES THE PLAINS, STILL WEARING THE
EMPTY SADDLE THAT IDENTIFIES HIM AS—RED BLAZE,
THE RIDERLESS STALLION!

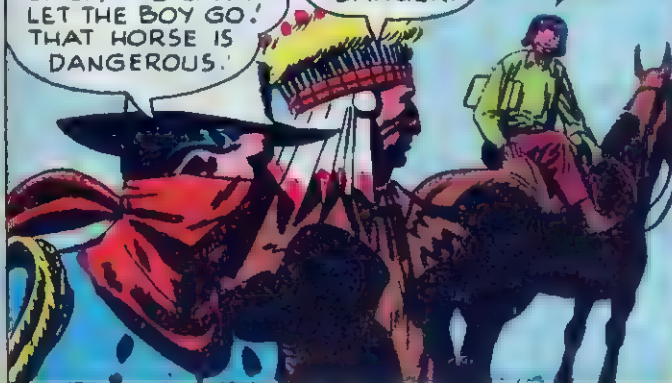


AND THAT IS THE TRUE
LEGEND OF RED BLAZE.
NOW, BACK TO THE
PRESENT...

CHIEF, YOU CAN'T
LET THE BOY GO!
THAT HORSE IS
DANGEROUS.

COWARDICE
IS ALSO A
DANGER!

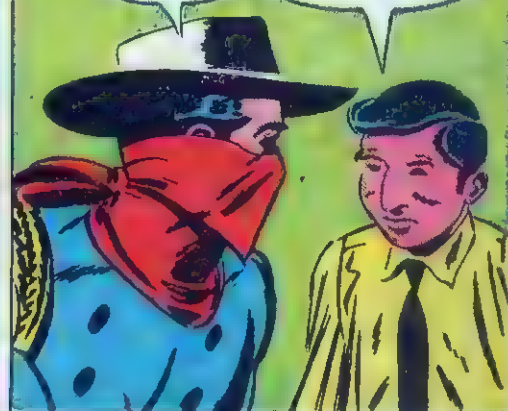
I'LL BE BACK,
GRANDFATHER...
RIDING
RED BLAZE!



HOURS
PASS...

NO SIGN
OF THE
BOY YET!

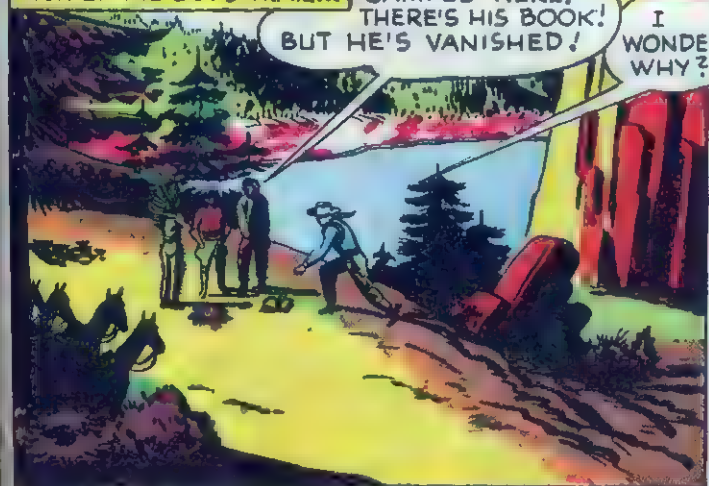
I'M WORRIED,
VIG! LET'S RIDE
TO WILD HORSE
CANYON NOW!



SOMETIME LATER, THEY
PICK UP THE BOY'S TRAIL...

FEATHERFOOT
CAMPED HERE!
THERE'S HIS BOOK!
BUT HE'S VANISHED!

I
WONDER
WHY?

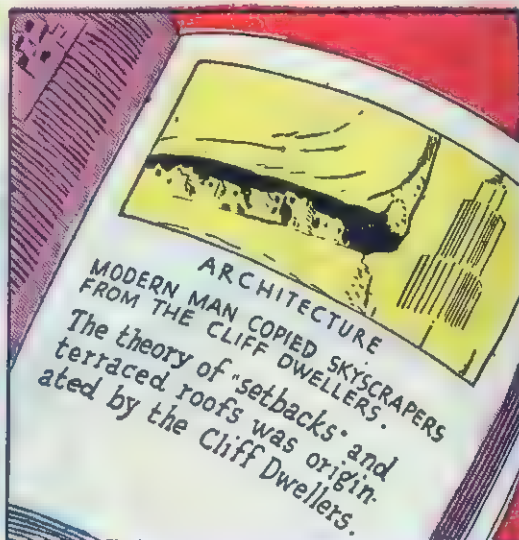
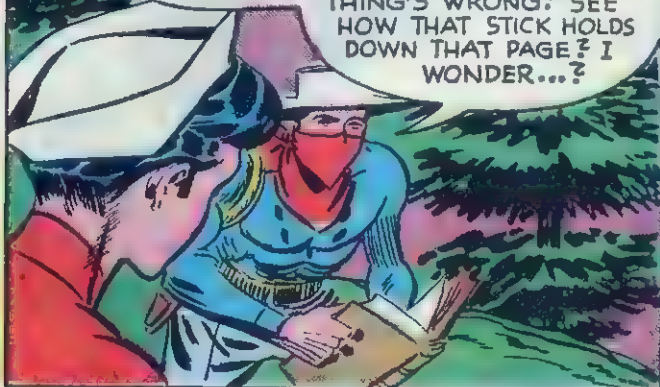


IT IS PLAIN! THE BOY
KNEW HE NEVER COULD
FULFILL HIS PROMISE SO,
LIKE A COWARD, HE HAS
RUN AWAY!



THE INDIANS LEAVE, BUT THE VIGILANTE AND STUFF REMAIN...

I DON'T BELIEVE FEATHER-FOOT WOULD GO AWAY AND LEAVE HIS PRECIOUS BOOK BEHIND! SOMETHING'S WRONG! SEE HOW THAT STICK HOLDS DOWN THAT PAGE? I WONDER...?



THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLERS ARE RIGHT ACROSS THE VALLEY! I'VE A HUNCH FEATHERFOOT LEFT THE BOOK OPEN TO THAT SECTION AS A CLUE!



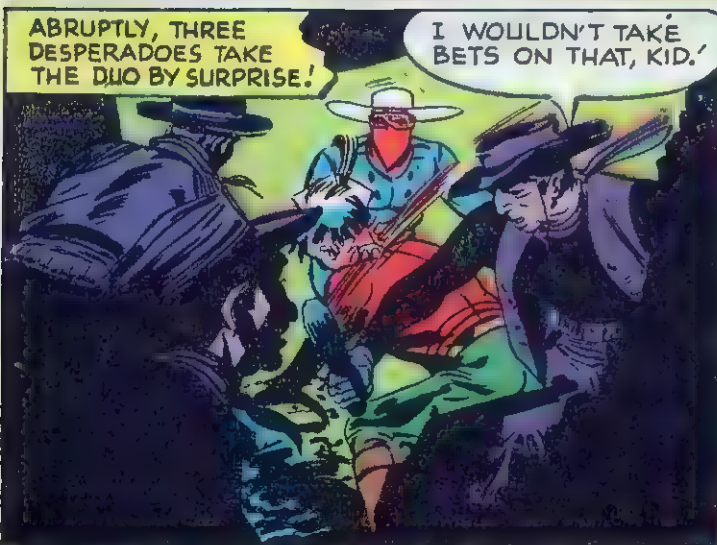
SOMETIME LATER... THE TWO CLIMB UP TO THE PREHISTORIC APARTMENT HOUSE...



NOBODY AROUND HERE, VIG!

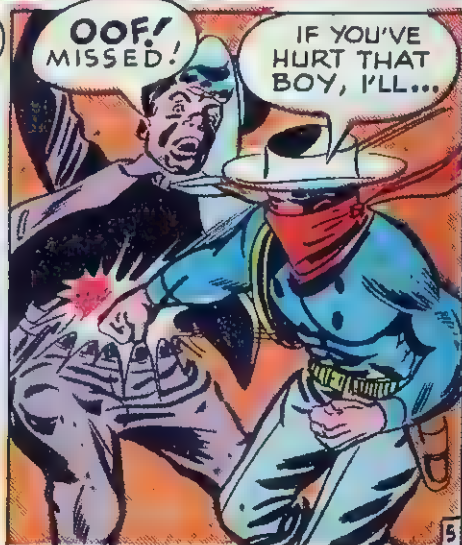
ABRUPTLY, THREE DESPERADOES TAKE THE DUO BY SURPRISE!

I WOULDN'T TAKE BETS ON THAT, KID!



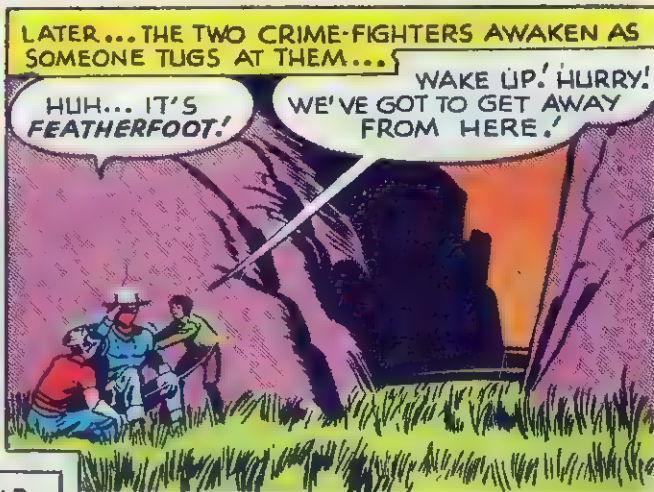
OOF! MISSED!

IF YOU'VE HURT THAT BOY, I'LL...





YOU'RE AT THE
END OF THE TRAIL,
VIGILANTE!



LATER... THE TWO CRIME-FIGHTERS AWAKEN AS
SOMEONE TUGS AT THEM...

HUH... IT'S
FEATHERFOOT!

WAKE UP! HURRY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM HERE!



LISTEN!
HEAR IT?
THUNDER!

NO... THAT'S
THE SOUND
OF HOOFS!
THOSE MEN
STAMPED THE
BAND OF WILD
HORSES!

YOU COULD
HAVE SAVED
YOURSELF,
BUT YOU
STAYED
BEHIND TO
WARN US!
YOU'RE A
BRAVE LAD!



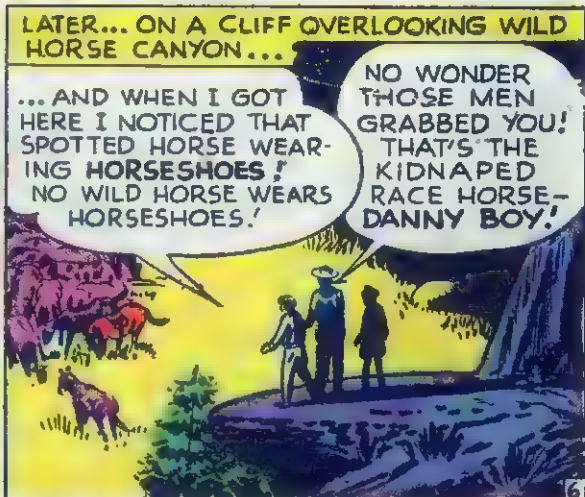
HEMMED IN BY THE
HIGH WALLS, THE
VIGILANTE RE-
ALIZES THEY ARE
CAUGHT IN A
DEATH TRAP!

THOSE HUMAN
COYOTES KNEW WE
COULD NEVER GET
AWAY IN TIME! THIS
MATCH IS OUR ONE
CHANCE - IF ONLY
THE WIND KEEPS
BLOWING TOWARD
THE HORSES!



INSTANTLY THE DRY GRASS BLAZES SAV-
AGELY, THE WIND WHIPPING THE FLAMES
TOWARD THE STAMPEDING HORSES!

THEY'RE TURNING
BACK! NOT EVEN
RED BLAZE HIM-
SELF HAS ANY
LIKING FOR FIRE!



LATER... ON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING WILD
HORSE CANYON...

... AND WHEN I GOT
HERE I NOTICED THAT
SPOTTED HORSE WEAR-
ING HORSESHOES!
NO WILD HORSE WEARS
HORSESHOES!

NO WONDER
THOSE MEN
GRABBED YOU!
THAT'S THE
KIDNAPED
RACE HORSE-
DANNY BOY!



HMM... THAT WAS CLEVER OF THOSE THUGS. WHAT BETTER PLACE COULD THEY FIND THAN A BAND OF WILD HORSES?

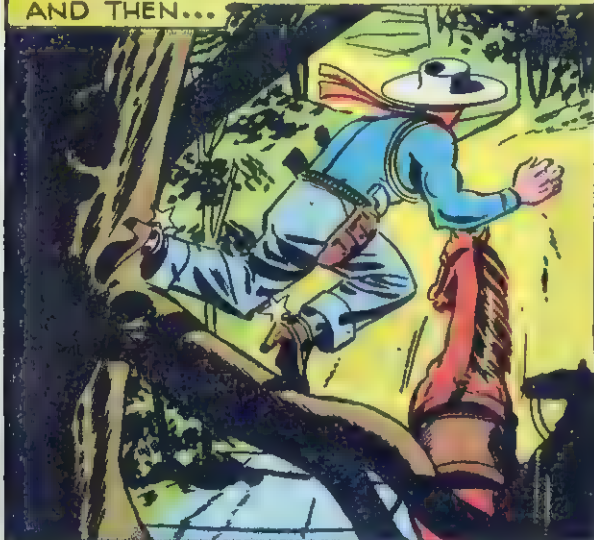


I HEARD THE MEN SAY THEY WERE GOING TO PICK UP THE RANSOM MONEY AT THE RAILROAD STATION.

WE GOTTA GET THERE, VIG! BUT WE'LL NEED FAST HORSES!

I'VE ALREADY PICKED OUT A HORSE TO RIDE—RED BLAZE HIMSELF!

ACTING UNDER THE VIGILANTE'S INSTRUCTIONS, THE YOUTHS YELL AT THE HORSES ... CHASE RED BLAZE UNDER A TREE ... AND THEN...



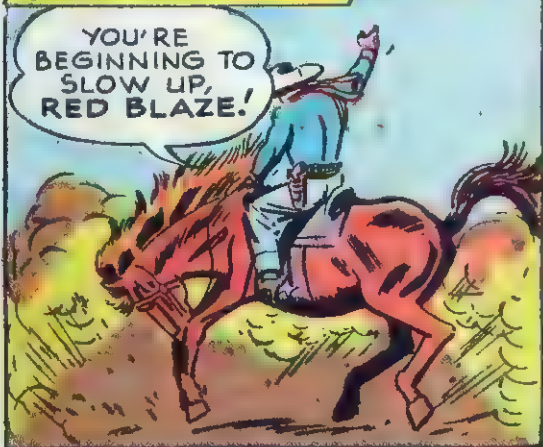
AND THEN THE VIGILANTE LEARNS WHAT IT MEANS TO SIT ON AN ERUPTING VOLCANO!



RIDE 'IM, VIG!

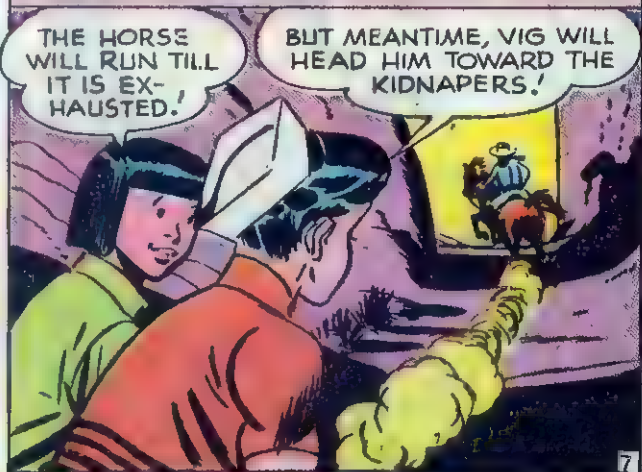
YAHOO!

THE OUTLAW HORSE TRIES EVERY TRICK, BUT STILL THE VIGILANTE STICKS TO HIS BACK...



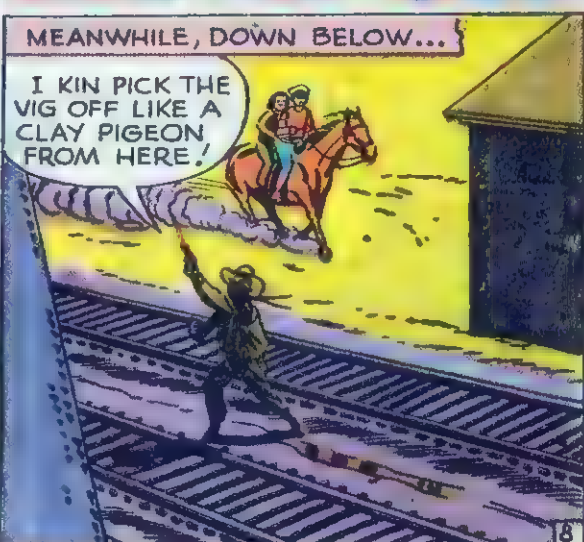
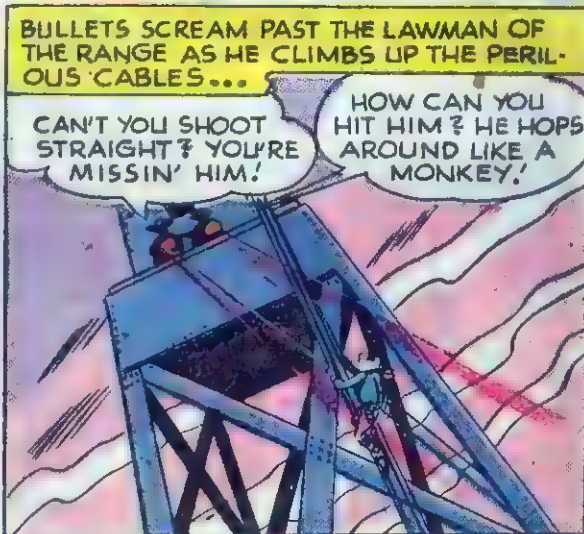
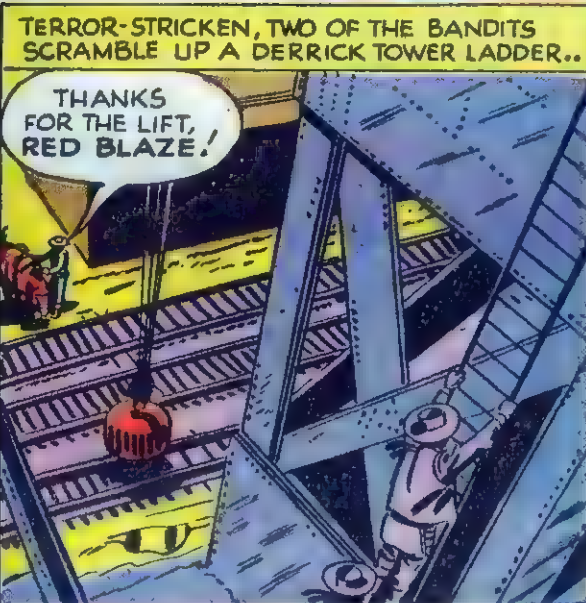
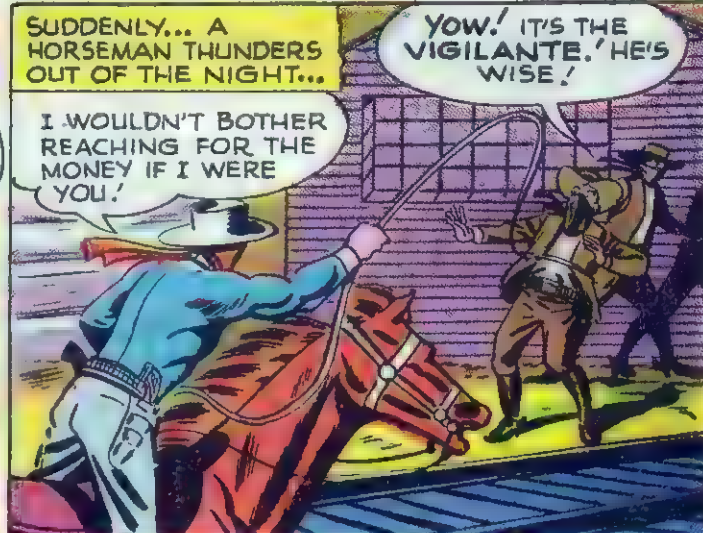
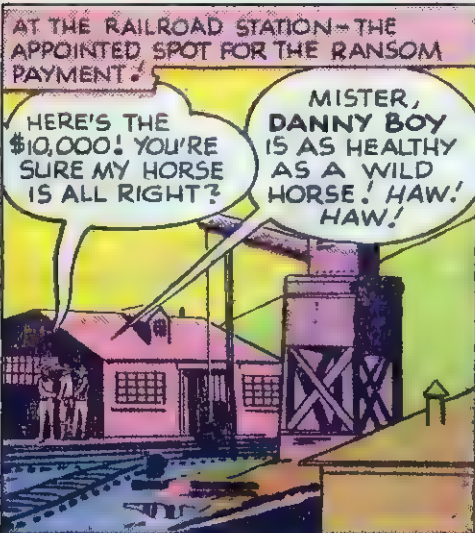
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SLOW UP, RED BLAZE!

UNABLE TO SHAKE HIS MASTERFUL RIDER, RED BLAZE BREAKS INTO A POUNDING RUN!



THE HORSE WILL RUN TILL IT IS EXHAUSTED!

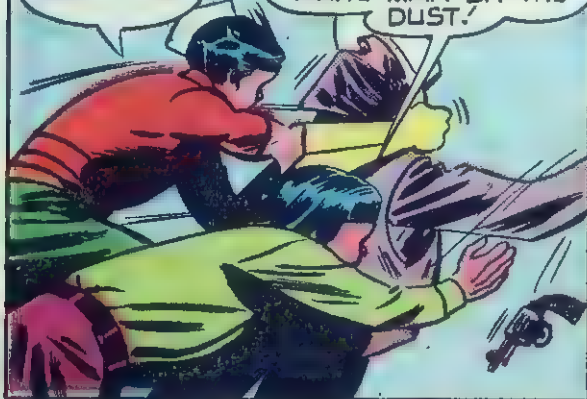
BUT MEANTIME, VIG WILL HEAD HIM TOWARD THE KIDNAPERS!



BUT RESCUE COMES—IN THE FORM OF TWO YOUNG TERRORS LEAPING FROM THE BACK OF DANNY BOY!

SOCK 'IM!

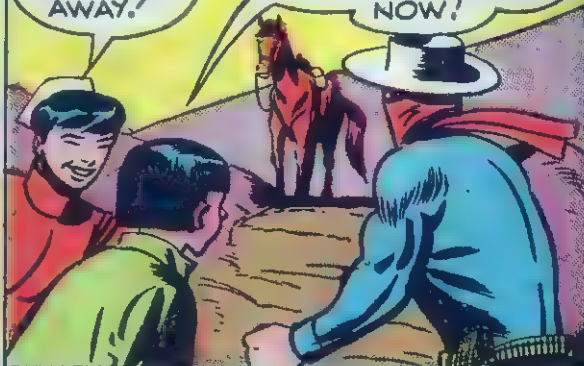
AND ANOTHER WHITE MAN BIT THE DUST!



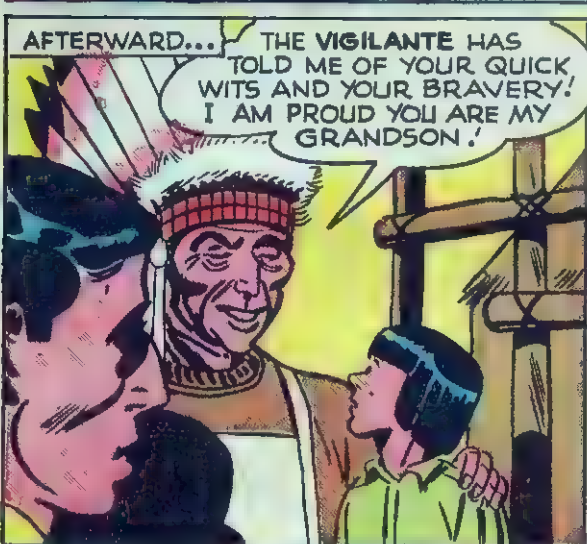
LATER... WHEN THE OUTLAWS ARE CAPTURED, A SURPRISE AWAITS THE WESTERN WADDY...

LOOK, VIG... HE DIDN'T RUN AWAY!

HE'S WAITING FOR YOU, VIGILANTE! HE KNOWS YOU'RE HIS MASTER NOW!



AFTERWARD... THE VIGILANTE HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR QUICK WITS AND YOUR BRAVERY! I AM PROUD YOU ARE MY GRANDSON!



PERHAPS I LIVE TOO MUCH IN THE PAST! YES... IT IS GOOD THAT TODAY OUR YOUNG PEOPLE READ THE GREAT BOOKS FOR WISDOM...



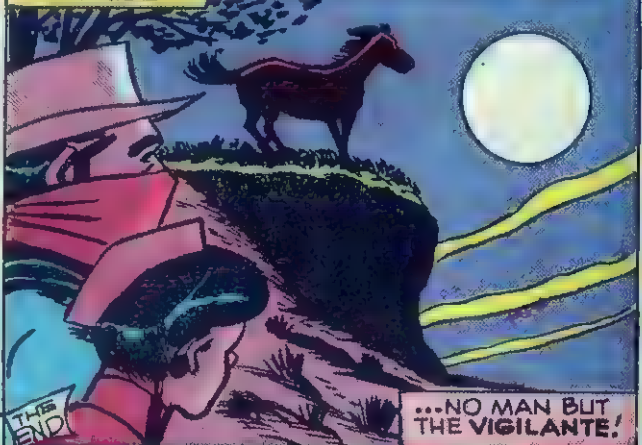
THAT NIGHT... SOMEWHERE ON THE GREAT PRAIRIE...

WHY ARE YOU TAKING THE SADDLE OFF HIM, VIG?

I'M SETTING HIM FREE! HE'S A SYMBOL OF OUR WILD LIFE, AND NO MAN WILL EVER TAME ALL OF NATURE!



AND SO RED BLAZE STILL RULES HIS BAND, STILL UNTAMED, STILL THE HORSE NO MAN CAN RIDE...



THE END

...NO MAN BUT THE VIGILANTE!

VIGILANTE ALSO APPEARS IN WESTERN COMICS

Captain Tootsie TAMES A TORNADO

By C.C. BECK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION VISIT AN ARMY AIRFIELD IN THE SOUTHWEST.

HOOTIN' ZOOT'S! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SWELL NEW JET PLANES!

OBOY! THIS IS GREAT, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

THOSE ARE THE ARMY'S P-84 THUNDERJETS!

YES, BOYS, THIS GREAT FIGHTER PLANE HAS A SPEED OF MORE THAN 600 MILES AN HOUR! IT'LL FLY HIGHER THAN 40,000 FEET, AND HAS A RANGE OF 1,000 MILES. THE CABIN IS AIR CONDITIONED, AND ELECTRICALLY OPERATED TO PROVIDE AN EMERGENCY EXIT!

AN OFFICER EXPLAINS THE CRAFT.

HERE'S ONE COMING IN FOR A LANDING! WOW! WHAT SPEED!

CONTROL TOWER'S CALLING THEM ALL IN! WEATHER'S GETTING BAD!

THIS IS TORNADO COUNTRY, YOU KNOW! WE'VE HAD SEVERAL BAD TWISTERS ALREADY, AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS WERE DUE FOR ANOTHER ANY MINUTE!

HERE COMES A TWISTER NOW! SEE THAT FUNNEL HEADING RIGHT FOR TOWN?

QUICK! SOUND THE ALARM! CALL ALL PILOTS... I'VE AN IDEA!

GOSH!

HERE, MEN... WE'LL NEED LOTS OF ENERGY. HAVE SOME TOOTSIE ROLLS AND TOOTSIE FUDGE, THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

YEH! TOOTSIE FUDGE GIVES QUICK ENERGY, TOO—JUST LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

INTO YOUR PLANES, MEN! FOLLOW CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! HE'S GOING TO BREAK UP THAT TORNADO BY FLYING THROUGH IT!

LET'S GO!

NOW HIT THAT TWISTER, BOYS! ALL TOGETHER!

WILL CAPTAIN TOOTSIE'S DARING PLAN WORK? CAN HE SAVE THE TOWNSPEOPLE FROM DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?

YEH! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES!

WE DID IT! WE BROKE 'ER STEM CLEAN OFF!

Pop!

THE TORNADO'S BROKEN UP! WE'RE SAVED!

HOORAY!

TAKING OFF IN TIGHT FORMATION, THE POWERFUL JET PLANES FLY TO PIT THEIR MIGHT AGAINST THE RAGING TORNADO!

WOW! WHAT A THRILL! YOUR IDEA SAVED DOZENS OF LIVES AND HOMES! YOU'RE A HERO, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

GOSH! I'M ALL IN AFTER THAT!

ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE FUDGE WILL SPARK UP OUR ENERGY AGAIN, BOYS!

TOOTSIE ROLLS AND FUDGE ARE MY FAVORITES!

HOOTIN' ZOOT'S! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE

RICH 'N CREAMY—JUST GOSH-A-MIGHTY GOOD! GOOD LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS—AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHEWY CHOCOLATY CANDY. GET BOTH AT YOUR FAVORITE CANDY STORE TODAY!



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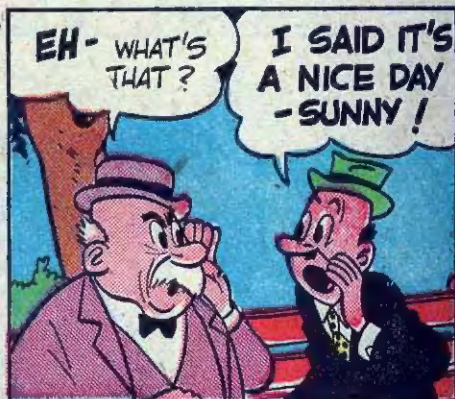
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833/27
HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn



ALLEN MURRAY

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

"OUTSTANDING BOY"

IN HIS CLASS AT SOUTH HIGH
SCHOOL, DENVER, COLORADO

ALLEN MURRAY

just won a college scholarship—and no wonder! Top-notch athlete and student, he was picked as Outstanding Boy of his school. Enjoys fishing, hunting, camping—he loves to travel. "Al" is almost 6 foot tall. He says Thom McAn's famous Gro-Chart (described below) is a great idea, because it helps keep kids from stunting their foot growth!



HE LIKES BOTH PHYSICAL
EDUCATION AND MEDICINE.
MAY COMBINE BOTH FOR A
CAREER



LOVES MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.
HIS AMBITION: TO CLIMB
EVERY PEAK IN COL-
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FT. HIGH!



HE'S AN
EXPERT SKIER



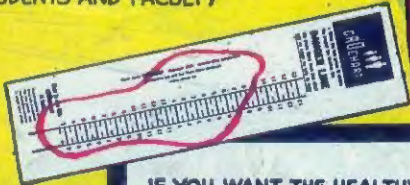
PLAYS A
HOT
TROMBONE



"AL" CHOOSES

THIS RUGGED "HE-MAN"
STYLE WITH HEAVY
FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLE.
(BOYS' STYLE X-33;
MEN'S STYLE #D11)

CHOSEN AS OUTSTANDING
BOY OF SCHOOL BY BOTH
STUDENTS AND FACULTY



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ON THOM McAN'S WONDERFUL SCIENTIFIC
GRO-CHART FOR PROTECTION. IT'S YOUR
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